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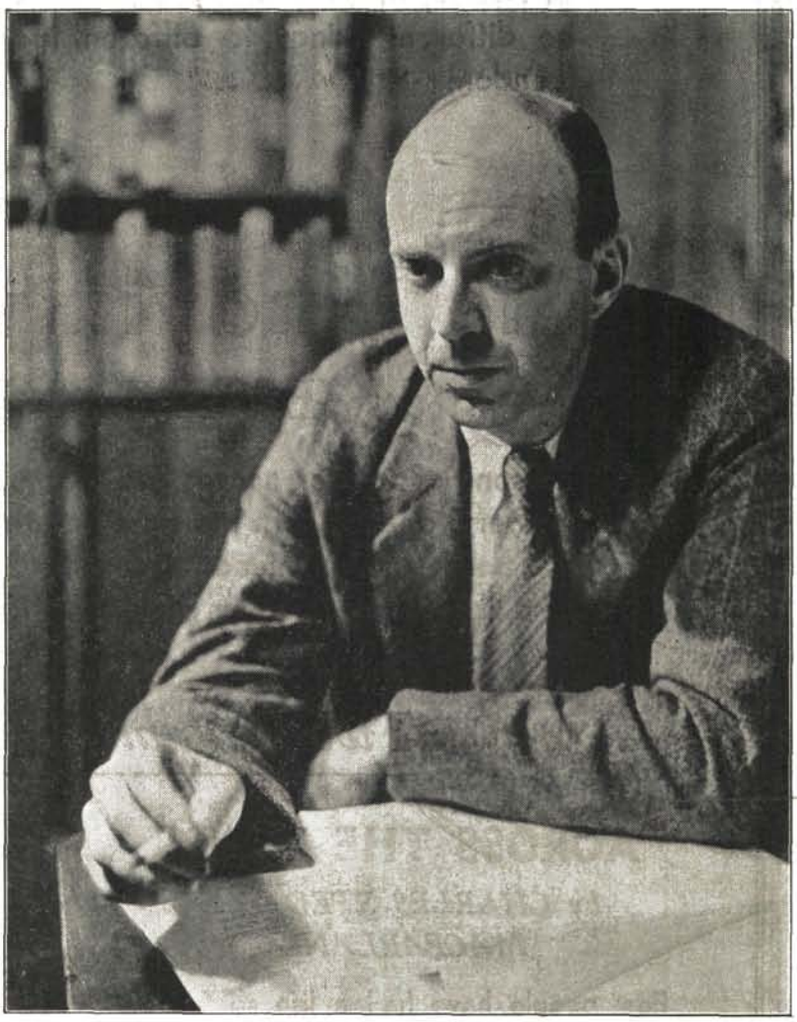

JOHN DOS PASSOS

"It may be that there are reciprocal forces in fiction —that if you want mass man, the movement of classes and groups and geographies, you must reconcile yourself to doing without individuals" . . . *(See page 13)*

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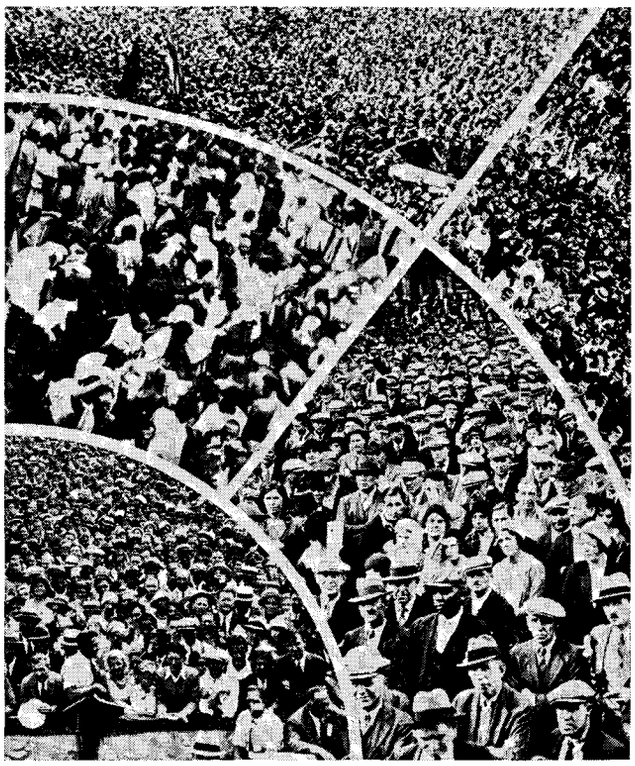
John Dos Passos: Anatomist of Our Time

BY BERNARD DE VOTO

JOHN DOS PASSOS has developed more consistently than any other American novelist of his time. With the exception of "Streets of Night," which fell far below "Three Soldiers" and is surely one of the worst novels of the generation, every book he has written has been distinctly better than its predecessors. "The Big Money"* is better than "1919," which came out four years ago and was then easily his best novel. Whether it is the end of a trilogy, or whether it will be succeeded by a volume carrying the anatomy of our times still closer to today's headlines, cannot be made out—the method of discontinuity does not permit endings but only terminations, and there is no reason why the surviving Richard Savage, Margo Dowling, and Mary French should not move on into the depression years. But at any rate the enterprise, the most ambitious one that American fiction has embarked on since Frank Norris's unfinished trilogy of the wheat, has gone far enough to justify a few conclusions.



"MASS EXPERIENCE OBLITERATING THE INDIVIDUAL."
Photomantage from "Eyes on the World" (Simon & Schuster).

The habit of criticism, following the lead of Mr. Cowley's essay, has been to divide Mr. Dos Passos's career into two parts, the unconverted years when he wrote his first three novels, and the years following the journey to Damascus when, tenderly loving those whom he had previously resented as vulgarians, he turned from an unmanly and individual esthetic-ism to the social sternness of which "The Big Money" is the latest issue. The division is useful but deals only with accessory qualities of his work. For the faults of "The Big Money" are the faults of "Three Soldiers," and its virtues are those of "Three Soldiers" and "Manhattan Transfer." In the trilogy we have the mature expression of a mind that has worked toward an interpretation of American life. But the qualities of that mind were established in 1921, when "Three Soldiers" appeared, and the interpretation has developed in the channels then laid down without breaking through them.

"Three Soldiers" was a very courageous book, the more so in that America, having suffered least from the war, most strongly tabooed discussion of it. Barbusse and Latzko, who wrote while the war was actually going on, had preceded Mr. Dos Passos, but he was a good many years in advance of the reaction that gave us "The Revolt of Sergeant Grischa," "All Quiet on the Western Front," and a succession of novels akin to them. It had conspicuous faults and obvious merits. Of the latter, the most striking was the author's burning vision of his characters as mere atoms of personality buffeted by the tremendous forces in which they were caught. Most of its demerits were due to insufficient apprenticeship. The dialects, for instance, were almost indecently bad. Except for Chris, who spoke a combination of Georgia cracker and Minnesota squarehead, everyone, including Private Mandlebaum, expressed himself in a vaudeville Irish brogue as vile as any that has been called poetic in the plays of Eugene O'Neill.

But there were aspects of "Three Soldiers" which, if not defects, signalized biases or limitations of the author's mind which he has never since transcended. The novel, in so far as it was a representation of the A.E.F. and not a biography of three wind-tossed atoms—and it sometimes had to be such a representation—failed almost grotesquely to convey any feeling of experience. The choice of two deserters and a venereal victim loaded the dice to begin with. But what was much worse, the book nowhere suggested any of the fascination, the delight, or the consummation that made army service a fulfilment for many hundreds of thousands—and are, it may be, the most terrible attribute of war. There was none of the gusto, the male fellowship, the day by day satisfaction, the adventurousness, the honed senses, the awareness of common living splendidly stepped up which made the war a climactic experience—as anyone may verify by listening to two veterans over their beer. There was no pleasure in this most terrible, most deadly of pleasures—even the boys on pass going down to get drunk and find a mamselle seemed to be doing so drearily, lethargically, in a conviction of logical necessity rather than anticipation. There was not, even, any humor—the book contains no wisecracks, no jokes, none of the camaraderie of men at ease with one another. The result was, certainly, a memorable record of horror and brutality, but it left out many things that exist on the record, things that, rounding out the picture, might well have increased its horror. It narrowed the war to its impact on one mind, it was one man's initiation as Mr.

THE BIG MONEY. By John Dos Passos. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1936. $2.75.

Next Week

THE OLIVE FIELD
By RALPH BATES
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE PLAIN
By HERBERT GORMAN
Reviewed by Meade Minnigerode

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Dos Passos put it in another title. It thus lost its representative purpose in a marked individualism—and came close to trivializing its subject by suggesting that the tragedy of war chiefly consisted of its preventing a sensitive man from composing a tone poem.

Time passed; Mr. Dos Passos published his second and bad novel; he read Joyce, and in 1925 "Manhattan Transfer" appeared. Here, too, he saw his characters as mere filings in great fields of force but he had considerably matured his conception of those fields. His apprenticeship was over; he was now not only an expert technician but an experimenter as well. He had arrived at the novel of masses, which he had tried but failed to reach in "Three Soldiers." It was the form which all his succeeding novels have taken: little groups of associates whose lives are carried forward discontinuously, whose planes only partly and infrequently intersect those of the other groups, who exist like the brush work of an impressionist painter less for themselves than for the canvas as a whole. He had worked out a swift narrative method, behavioristic and marvellously condensed, which gave the book a higher specific gravity than anything he had written before. It was an instrument excellently fitted to achieve the effects his new objectives called for.

He had also begun a revolt against the conventions of typography which, as he has gone on with it, has become increasingly annoying. It is at once pedantic, inconsistent, and absurd. He trips over his own principles, he is sometimes an enemy and sometimes an ally of the comma, he fiercely rejects the hyphen but crooks the pregnant hinges of the knee to the apostrophe. What is more to the point, he distracts the reader's attention from the matter at hand, to facilitate which is the sole purpose of typography, and so endangers the effect he sets out to produce. And he has begotten dozens of imitators who think that you can become a significant novelist by writing "towhair," "legalaid," "toothick," "antisepticlooking," and "carvedivory." . . . Whereas "uneeda" and "drivurself" are bourgeois Philistinism and, it may be, the rot of democracy.

"Manhattan Transfer" is a surface novel. A brilliant evocation of the metropolis, full of color and sound and movement, its patterns shift expertly between chaos and implied design. With every device that can serve versatility it assails the reader's imagination, hurrying him on with the breathlessness and rhythm of the crowds it symbolizes. But, though the surface is hard and jeweled, the book lacks depth. Mr. Cowley says that its lack of significance proceeds from the failure to establish a scale of social values, that like "Three Soldiers" it comes down to a basic assertion that life is painful for sensitive people. But its true weakness is much simpler: the characters are not sufficiently alive to engage one's sympathies.

Mr. Dos Passos was interested in depicting mass man, the mass experience obliterating the individual. The war carried the theme in "Three Soldiers," the metropolis in "Manhattan Transfer." In the trilogy it is identified with the mighty currents of American life during the prewar years, the war, and the boom. He set an ambitious goal: to convey the movement of continental United States during more than a quarter of a century. In the maturity of his powers he has splendidly succeeded. In scope and in multiplicity no comparable achievement exists in our fiction. "The Big Money," for instance, gives us not only New York but Detroit, Miami, and Hollywood as well; not only a Minnesota rural community but a Colorado mining town; not only brokers, promoters, publicity men, engineers, movie directors, inventors, senators, and salesmen, but labor leaders, social workers, literary socialists, communist organizers, and a counter-revolutionary; not only the insipid daughters of millionaires, hostesses of salons, wealthy widows, and suburban wives, but cabaret entertainers and a movie queen. This scale is maintained throughout the trilogy, and it is supported by a truly amazing fecundity of incident, and by a rushing narrative that is one of the finest technical accomplishments of our time. Mr. Dos Passos does indeed cover the continent from ocean to ocean, from farm to factory, from mine to mill, from proletariat to the master class. And he has mastered his details. He knows the provinces and geographies of America, the rituals and etiquettes, the creeds and superstitions, the avenues of tradition, the lines of force, the flowing shape of things. He has got a greater variety of them into fiction than any other novelist of his time.

"1919" was a better novel than "The 42nd Parallel," and "The Big Money" is better still, more in the round, more nearly three-dimensional, more mature and finished. It carries J. Ward Moorehouse, the Ivy Lee image, up to collapse and invalidism; and Richard Savage, his faintly poetic, faintly homosexual understudy, up to a partnership in his firm. Eveline Hutchins works through a series of adulteries to suicide. Ben Compton gets out of Atlanta and is excommunicated from the Party, in whose councils Don Stevens has risen so high that he makes a secret trip to Moscow. G. H. Barrow makes a good thing out of the trades unions. But the main burden of the book is carried by Mary French, a Vassar girl from Colorado who sleeps and weeps her way into the Party and finally into dedication to its purposes; by Margo Dowling, whose career takes her from a vaudeville act to Hollywood by way of a Cuban marriage and the most extensive whoring anyone has yet done in the series; and especially by Charley Anderson, who makes his first appearance since the end of "The 42nd Parallel." Charley, whom we had seen as a farmer, garage mechanic, and hobo, has meanwhile been, it now appears, a member of the LaFayette Escadrille and something of an inventor. He patents improvements in airplane design, falls in with promoters and makes several killings on the stock market, boozes his way through his first partnership, through his marriage, and through a number of affairs, ending with Margo Dowling, and finally, bankrupt and burnt out, drives his car in front of an express train while drunk.

Accompanying all this are the rockets and pinwheels of Mr. Dos Passos's fantasia on the boom years, with the fateful shadow of collapse moving close. There are also a number of genre pieces, such as Margolies, the movie director, who gives the author a field day of caricature: he is done to a turn and he will not be forgotten. And there are—innovations. When Charley Anderson, getting drunk, passes himself off as Charles Edward Holden, the writer, he precipitates the first joke in more than a thousand pages of fiction. Irony Mr. Dos Passos has plentifully provided before, suave or corrosive at need, and a fine sardonic quality runs through most of his work, but this is the first bit of fun. It seems lonely in all that expanse of mechanized behavior. But there is another novelty: in Mary French's Daddy, in Charley Anderson's partner Joe Askew, and in the treatment of the death of Charley's mother one comes upon something recognizable as human emotion. It has not been perceptible in any of the death, violence, or

(*Continued on page* 12)

Sigil

By H. D.

THERE is no sign-post to say
the future is there,
the past lies the other way,
there is no lock, no key:

there is no bell on the door,
there is no door-mat before
the wide-open door:

there is no "he and me,"
there is no "you and she,"
there is no "it must be";

there is one mystery, "take, eat,"
I have found the clue,
there is no old nor new:

wine, bread, grape and sweet
honey; Galilee, Delphi, today.

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Campaign "Literature"

GUILTY! THE CONFESSION OF FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT. By "A Friend." New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1936. 50 *cents.*

THE TOWNSEND CRUSADE. By the Committee on Old Age Security of the Twentieth Century Fund. New York: Twentieth Century Fund. 1936. 50 cents.

AN ARMY OF THE AGED. By Richard L. Neuberger and Kelley Loe. Caldwell, Idaho: The Caxton Printers. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT C. BROOKS

NOW that the national conventions are over and acceptance speeches have been delivered, a flood of campaign "literature," euphemistically so-called, is about to deluge the land. Mr. Raoul Desvernine warned us recently against impending "Democratic Despotism"; already Mr. James P. Warburg has two "Hell Bents" to his credit. Meanwhile the presses of the Liberty League, of Father Coughlin, and of Grandfather Townsend, as well as those of the national committees of the two major and various minor parties, are pouring into circulation innumerable leaflets and pamphlets largely devoted, as Sir Henry Maine put it, to "weak generalities and strong personalities" on the issues and candidates of the day.

Of this all-too-copious flow by far the most significant recent publication is "Guilty!" which purports, more or less ironically, to be the political confession of Franklin D. Roosevelt as confided to "a Friend." Since the said friend is introduced rather intimately by Donald Richberg there can be no doubt as to his identity. Semi-official character is conferred upon the confession thus presented to the world by a letter from President Roosevelt himself which is reproduced in facsimile fronting the title page. "Don't show me that book 'Guilty' before it is published," he writes. "I believe in a free press. P. S. But, I will read it when it comes out."

JAMES P. WARBURG
Author of "Still Hell Bent"
(Reviewed June 27)

In a similar gay and bantering spirit "the Friend" hales Mr. Roosevelt before the bar of public opinion and compels him to plead guilty to every crime in the New Deal catalogue—the Great Bank Robbery, victimizing the Farmers, Regimenting the Workers, Ruining Business, Destroying Liberty, Undermining the Constitution, and so on. As to the last mentioned offense appeal is made to the true constitution of our forefathers as against the present DuPont constitution "rewritten on cellophane in order to preserve it"—as a result "many once easily read words . . . have become obscure." In this connection the anonymous author of "Guilty!" maintains that "the old constitution carefully gave to the Congress an express power to provide for the general welfare." Needless to say this assertion ignores not only punctuation but the weight of authority regarding the specific taxing power conferred by Clause 1, Section 8, Article I.

Apart from this major error "Guilty!" is a highly effective campaign argument. It is, of course, strongly partisan in defense of the New Deal; nevertheless facts and figures are marshalled impressively by the writer. His method of showing the impact of the President's policies on the daily lives of ordinary citizens should make a strong appeal to all readers with the exception of those who belong to the "They-Hate-Roosevelt" class. Particularly striking and amusing is his account of the way the editors of the *Daily Blizzard* uphold "the immemorial liberties of a free press."

In spite of the fact that "Guilty!" is obviously the work of a close friend of Franklin D. Roosevelt it reveals no state secrets. However one hitherto unpublished statement by the President which it contains is of more than ordinary interest. Dealing with his alleged "Whiplash on Congress" it explains in shrewd fashion the change from the "must" legislative policy of 1933-34 to the subsequent less strenuous relationship between the White House and the Hill. Also in the course of the discussions of recent decisions by the Supreme Court it is implied that Mr. Roosevelt expects them to be reversed as changes are made in the Court's membership rather than by constitutional amendment.

Strictly speaking the two small treatises on the Townsend plan listed above are not campaign documents. While written from the sidelines they are, however, certain to be quoted extensively in the fight against the old age pension scheme. Both the personnel and the conclusions of the Committee of the Twentieth Century Fund will inspire confidence among intelligent readers. "The Townsend Crusade" is an incisive study of the proposals sponsored by that movement; so far as possible it seeks to determine precisely the total cost of the pensions, the probable yield of the transactions and other taxes involved, and the more general effects of the plan.

Underwood & Underwood
DONALD RICHBERG

One ready answer to all such studies as the foregoing is that "economists are as crazy as hell." These immortal words, recorded by Messrs. Neuberger and Loe, are culled from the utterances of the Hon. John Steven McGroarty, poet and (formerly) principal proponent of the Townsend plan in Congress. "An Army of the Aged" is a detailed study of O. A. R. P., Ltd., from its inception to the period immediately preceding the recent Cleveland convention. It is based primarily on field investigations and is copiously documented from Congressional debates and public hearings as well as from newspapers and periodicals. More than enough has been written on the subject to cause weariness but Messrs. Neuberger and Loe have contrived to clothe it anew with fascinating interest. In their vivid pages readers are able to see not only the leaders of the movement, squabbling fiercely and selfishly among themselves, but also the pitiful rank and file of its superannuated supporters with their wholly justified claim for some measure of economic security and their wholly absurd belief in magnificent pensions of $200 a month. Age was once supposed to bring wisdom. So far as political wisdom is concerned the Townsend movement, as set forth in "An Army of the Aged," is a gigantic demonstration to the contrary.

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Hidalgo of Old Manila

MANILA GALLEON. By Cameron Rogers. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

SPAIN held Philip's Islands in the seventeenth century, in the great days of Spain. The setting of Mr. Rogers's novel is Manila as it was then, but the River Pasig knew as brassy a sunlight as it does in these days of the

CAMERON ROGERS

modern Philippines. Here in the habit as they might have lived are Don Alonzo Fajardo y Tenza, the Governor; the Governor's wife, the disturbingly beautiful Doña Catalina Maria Sembrano; Don Juan de la Mesa y Suero, captain of Sea and War of the galleon *La Nuestra Señora de la Vida*, to sail that year (1621) from Manila to Acapulco in Mexico; his huge and extraordinary retainer, Nava the Galician; Caritad, the loving little slave, and Gallito, the footboy of the Governor's beautiful wife. Others, of Church and State, are in the cast. The trappings of the book are sufficiently gorgeous, the language stately. All hinges on the important sailing of the galleon that twice a year bore all manner of treasure from Manila to Acapulco, the trade upon which Manila depended.

Mr. Rogers gracefully acknowledges in a note at the beginning of his book indebtedness to the collection of William Lytle Schurz, Ph.D., for information as to the Manila-Acapulco galleon trade. At times he allows this mine of material slightly to overload his narrative, as he rolls titles and place-names and the catalogue of the galleon's stores upon his tongue. Yet it all adds to the richness of the fabric, while the tragic romance of the book, counterpointed by one of comic tragedy, unfolds speedily.

I cannot too much commend the concision of this story, or the sharp dexterity of the author's style. The manner of writing fits the matter like a glove. The late Maurice Hewlett, pastmaster of this sort of historical romance, would, I think, have acknowledged that. And effects both moving and beautiful (not to say also shrewd and comic) are achieved with laudable economy of means. Though not in the same sort, thus it is that Thornton Wilder has excelled in his best work. But I shall institute no comparisons, save to say that I find Mr. Rogers's sensitiveness to the power of words most satisfying.

Sentimentalists will not be satisfied with the conclusion of Mr. Rogers's tale —and I, for one, lament bitterly the fate of the wholly charming and vastly unfortunate little Caritad. But that so it all might have ended is highly probable. In any event, this story is thoroughly alive as well as erudite. It is the work of an expert writer and contains no shoddy. Some day I am going to get together a shelf-ful of unusual "period" romances. "Manila Galleon" will be on that shelf.

Life on a Pension

GREENGATES. By R. C. Sherriff. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1936. $2.50.

THE retirement of an insurance clerk is the theme of Mr. Sherriff's latest novel: what is a man to do with himself when he is only fifty-eight, and is obliged to live for the rest of his life on a small pension? Mr. Baldwin rather fancied his chances of becoming a popular historian: but after months of increasing boredom and discomfort, in which the attractions of history, gardening, and his wife diminshed to the vanishing point, he decided to sell his house in Brondesbury Park and buy a new villa in a rustic corner of what is now known as Metroland. The year was 1925. Ten years later, Metroland had become a rather unappetizing extended suburb, within the electric clutch of the trains from Baker Street, at the mercy of Boots', Woolworth's, and the arterial highway: but Mr. Baldwin's corner of it was still rustic, and he and his wife were happily engaged in running, *gratis*, the affairs of the local club.

Mr. Sherriff has described the tedium of Brondesbury Park and the excitement of changing houses with a quiet and effective sympathy: and though his novel is rather rose-tinted at times and at times—("Edith began planning the dinner days ahead: if a couple of soles in the North Sea felt their ears burning it was because of a long discussion between Ada and Edith as to the manner of their cooking")—distressingly quaint, it is very readable. And Mr. Sherriff would probably be the last man to maintain that it is anything but slight.

Ineffective Tragedy

HEROD. By Jacob S. Minkin. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

THE author subtitles "Herod" "A Biography," yet it is quite unlike the biographies which have popularized the form ever since Lytton Strachey, Philip Guedalla, and Gamaliel Bradford intensified the drama of impersonal forces and personal contradictions. Mr. Minkin's book details every fact of Herod's career; it traces the course of his battles, his intrigues, and his contacts with the Roman overlords; it analyzes his neuroses; particularly his insane fears which drove him to murder his son and his wife Mariamne, a tragedy dramatized by Voltaire, Hebbel, Phillips, and others. But it is a strangely detached, almost depersonalized manner which Mr. Minkin employs. The chronology is scrupulous, the events are faithfully registered, but the persons escape; there is not a conversation in the volume; the few quoted monologues are stilted and suspiciously unreal. Mr. Minkin tells us what happened to Herod, but we do not see him in action and repose; he emerges as a set of abstractions instead of a human being.

To compensate for the lack of actuality, the author depends on a pseudo-poetic style. His chapter-headings are significant; "Flame and Granite," "Mounting Ambition," "Visions of Love and Power," "Glittering Court and Despairing Heart," are some of the "key-notes." This reliance on rhetoric debilitates the force of the tragedy; even the description of Herod is a set of stereotypes. "The desert, which was his home, or at least the home of his ancestors, had toughened his body till it became as hard as flint, proof against any emergency. Physical exertion did not weary him; in fact, it was his native element, so that in fencing, wrestling, riding, hunting and lifting of weights he was the equal of any man. He was undaunted by danger, ferocious in war, calm in defeat, and severest reverses left him unmoved and unbroken."

The book is thus anything but the "swiftly moving narrative" which the publishers promise. It is, on the contrary, a turgid, rather tortuous, story of the one hundred and fifty years following the Maccabean victory through the fall of Cleopatra and the Restoration of the Temple, a story in which the narrator indiscriminately mingles history and legend, Jewish lore, and oriental fantasy. Mr. Minkin seems unable to understand his authorities; he can scarcely pick the passages in "The Jewish Antiquities" where Josephus was a trustworthy historian, a Hebraic tall tale-spinner, or a downright liar. He had, in short, a violent story to tell, but in the telling it is little more than a chronicle lively in conception but lifeless in tone.

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The Old Southwest

EARLY AMERICANA AND OTHER STORIES. By Conrad Richter. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES J. FINGER

IN 1896, on a ride from Galveston to Arizona by way of Devil's River, I consorted with old timers of the range, freighters who did their hauling with a mob of nondescript horses, Mexican herders, cowboys, and many an old fellow who talked of good times "before the wah." The date is seven years later than the period of one of Mr. Richter's stories, which fact is important only because I was near enough, in point of time, to catch something of that atmosphere which the author creates. The Southwest even at that late date, gave Easterners who were in search of a new excitement something to engage them, for Black Jack, the Ketchum boys, and the Knickerbocker crowd were active; but (and this caused no comment) there were many thousands leading quiet lives with downright obstinate earnestness. Mr. Richter, unmoved by the stormier phases of frontier life, is attracted by small authenticities, by the unaffected kindliness of simple people who faced life with bare hands, by a sort of temperate refinement which is characteristic of isolated people, by a romanticism which sees something vague and incomprehensible in the daily walk, by the pathos which hangs about those who play a lone hand.

It must be a careless reader who fails to realize that here is an admirably trained intellect with fine perception of character reproducing impressions of life; not the life of today, but of a past neglected by historians and enshrined in forgotten newspapers. The tedious story, recited in a paragraph to be scanned and thrown away, underwent a transformation in Mr. Richter's hands, and at the magic of transformation he is an adept. He discerned life in the apparently lifeless. He discerned spiritual values. His characters are portrayed in a way which reveals the author's adherence to truth.

CONRAD RICHTER

At least one of the secrets of Mr. Richter's success is that he realizes the eternal permanence of human emotions, and is not led into any morass of error by that will o' the wisp which would have us believe that mechanical advancement has changed the souls of men. It is a book of beauty and of power.

Streamlined "Dracula"

THE UNDYING MONSTER. A Tale of the Fifth Dimension. By Jessie Douglas Kerruish. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

IF you liked "Dracula" you will like still better this streamlined modern tale of the same type. Mrs. Kerruish builds up an atmosphere of horror with a skill of which Poe need not have been ashamed; but the test of every horror story is in its ending, and it needs a very skilful author to navigate between the Scylla of the preposterous and the Charybdis of the plausible but anticlimactic. Poe himself, in "Arthur Gordon Pym," simply gave it up; and a good many modern horror writers might better have done that. In this case the ending is somewhat over-long, but comes through with an explanation which, if not exactly scientific, is at any rate near enough to plausibility to content readers who could not quite swallow the outright medievalism of "Dracula."

The Hammands had held the manor of Dannow in Sussex for a thousand years, but in uncomfortable partnership with a Monster who at irregular intervals caught the head of the house in a pine grove on a frosty starlit night, and either killed him or so horrified him that he killed himself as soon as he could remember what had happened to him. Various medieval Hammands vainly tried to exorcise the Monster; but when Oliver Hammand, in 1919, barely escaped (fortunately with a blurred memory) an encounter which was fatal to his companion, his sister Swanhild decided to try again with the help of modern psychic technique, and was lucky enough to enlist the aid of Miss Luna Bartendale, White Witch and Supersensitive.

Not from this reviewer shall you get any hint of how Miss Bartendale solved the mystery; though it may be remarked that this detective of the higher dimensions resembles those of her three-dimensional colleagues who gain their successes less by flashes of insight than by laborious research. But the author is recklessly improvident; Luna Bartendale is a character who could have been used in a dozen psychic mysteries—but her creator throws away a dependable source of income for the sake of a happy ending.

Anstey Guthrie, Victorian Best-Seller

A LONG RETROSPECT. By F. Anstey. New York: Oxford University Press. 1936. $3.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

THOMAS ANSTEY GUTHRIE was born in 1856 and died in 1934: he was the son of a military tailor in London, and "A Long Retrospect" is his autobiography. As "F. Anstey" he is already well known to the faithful as the author of those two masterpieces of middle class fantasy—"Vice Versa" and "The Brass Bottle." People who have not read these or any other of his books may find "A Long Retrospect" a little disappointing; there is little in it to satisfy the psychologist or the historian; there are only a few revelations of himself or others. But lovers of Anstey will think it perfectly satisfactory. Only such a man, they will think, could have written such books as he did; a man who was not afflicted by wealth, poverty, or passion, and who kept himself to himself. Even from these reticent pages it is clear he was the kind of a man whom only the nineteenth century could have produced. His book is less an autobiography than a series of anecdotes, of the houses he lived in, which time and London have devoured, and the literary men whose path he crossed. In the quality of its anecdote, it is especially and superbly Victorian: for the Victorians had, above everything else, the faculty of finding themselves funny. Their laughter was admiring, tolerant; it was not uncritical, but it was rarely malicious. It was the laughter of a Gilbert libretto, and that kind of laughter has long been silenced: or rather survives, with a delicious and melancholy and increasing rarity, in such books as "A Long Retrospect."

ANSTEY GUTHRIE IN 1933

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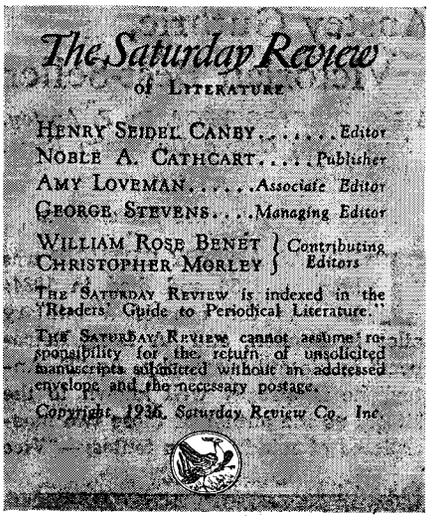
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Significant Reading of a Literary Year

THE lull in the storm of new books before the Autumn publication season begins, gives opportunity for some quiet reflection.

Best-seller lists supply few clues as to what books are really significant in a year's reading. They give still less information as to absolute merits. But then absolute merit of a book or books has again no direct relation to the influence of reading upon the readers. In a literary year, the most important books from every point of view except that of pure art or sheer intellectuality may decidedly not be the best books absolutely considered. Those Oriental romances of Byron which set all England dreaming were inferior work, even inferior Byron. The narratives of Longfellow were significant as reading out of all proportion to their merits of poetry.

This has been often said, is said indeed by Howard Mumford Jones in this number of the *Review*, but the sequel to such thinking is not so often pushed through to its logical conclusion.

What does define and determine the significant reading of a literary year? Clearly such reading consists of those books, good, very good, or passable, but never indifferent or dull, which have aroused an active interest in that part of the community which reads books. Not that passive interest which seeks only the lulling or security of the mind. Detective stories, light fiction, spiced biography, no matter how widely sold, represent nothing but the unchanging demand for escape or amusement. Nor do the serious works of research, the documented novels, the thought-concentrating poetry, the solid history, which inform without arousing, belong in this area of significance. They may influence a later imagination, or instruct later thought, but in the emotional climate of their year of publication they are like trees in winter, not yet budded, often never to bud.

If, then, we are concerned with the significant books, we must bring together in a heterogeneous group those publications of varying merit, and widely different character, which in a given year have been extensively read, which have been much talked about, and which have left the interests of a majority of the book-reading community in a different sensitivity—sensitive, that is, to emotions, topics, ideas, character types which before did not so easily interest them. "Anthony Adverse" had such an effect; so did Alexis Carrel's "Man the Unknown"; so did Eliot's "The Waste Land"; so did "The Good Earth"; so did "It Can't Happen Here"; so did Spengler's "Decline of the West"; so did "John Brown's Body"; so did Mr. Pitkin's various psychological preachments; so did "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"; so did "The Green Pastures"; so did Charles Beard's economic history.

No bond of equal merit unites these books. No similitude of equal success. No resemblance in subject matter. In their respective years they fell into the category of "influential books" because they ran with, not against, or behind, the vital interests of readers, and aroused and sometimes directed these interests along lines that minds were prepared to follow.

But if this be true an interesting corollary suggests itself. Clearly the success of books, and, in a large measure, the production of books, will depend upon the state of interest of a literate population. Great poetry is less likely to flourish in an unpoetical age—we all know that. But why? Because if readers are insensitive to poetry, the poem, if written at all, will suffer from that sense of separateness from one's own generation which, except in the greatest minds, results in either sterility or what used to be called a closet performance, an effort purely individualistic, which lacks the sense of an actual humanity known to the writer and absorbed as it were in the poem. This lack is what makes the heroic couplet of the latter eighteenth century, the blank verse drama of the early nineteenth century, so empty, so rhetorical, so stale. No current interests of importance were aroused by Akenside or Sir Henry Taylor.

It is then important for the scholar to study, and instructive for the reader to know, what are the arousable interests of a literary year. A volume would be necessary in order to go into this question in detail. It may be suggested here merely that whoever wishes to apply this criterion to the kinds of books that have been successful in recent years will get some highly suggestive results. Men in America, for example, have been notoriously bad readers of those books which in recent years have been called successful. Why? What has been the effect of this failure to arouse interest upon the books that have led our reading? What are literate men's arousable interests in America? Are they literary or philosophical at all? And if not, are we as a nation undergoing the karma of our utilitarianism? What is the nature of the aroused interests involved in the books which every intelligent woman reads? It will be found that they represent with some accuracy the only road by which American literature at the moment can get its trains of imagination into immediate and successful action. Why has "proletarian fiction" been on the whole such a dismal failure, especially with the proletariat? What are the specifications for an imaginative writer (poet, playwright, novelist, social historian) who might awake and transform the arousable interests of the leaders of our civilization?

We raise in this editorial a field full of hares, and run down no one of them. But in this area lies good hunting for the critic really concerned with the history of the American mind.

Nomadic Reading No one who has been travelling through the country this summer can fail to be struck by the prevalence of the trailer on the roads. The day of the covered wagon has returned, and once again the family caravan rolls the American across the vast stretches of his land. They strike the trail early, these journeyers by car, and draw up at nightfall with a record of mileage to their credit which would have turned their predecessors of pioneer days green with envy. It's a good life with plenty of variety by day and pleasant weariness at evening, but it doesn't leave much energy over for intellectual pursuits. A nomadic people, we fear, will nod unduly early over its books. It will be interesting, as seasons go on, to see how the life on wheels affects the zest with which the summer vacationer attacks his holiday reading.

Ten Years Ago

Homer E. Woodbridge of Wesleyan University reviewed "The Silver Spoon," by John Galsworthy, in *The Saturday Review* of August 7th, 1926. Mr. Woodbridge commented that this particular novel of the Forsyte family was "*a good typical specimen of his* [Mr. Galsworthy's] *work, with most of his characteristic merits and limitations.*" and he also pointed out that "The Silver Spoon" emphasized Mr. Galsworthy's "*sentimental attitude toward poverty.*" He continued: "*All of Mr. Galsworthy's poor people (and he will have some in every novel) are pathetic objects; he knows them only from the outside, from the point of view of the benevolent rich man. One would like to know what he would consider the smallest income on which a man could laugh heartily.*" Mr. Galsworthy, he added, was "*only satirizing the futility of his humanitarianism*" in presenting "*Michael's remedy for the troubles of England.*"

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Letters to the Editor: *Favorite Juveniles of the Past*

Novels of New York

SIR:—Referring to the list of novels of New York life published by the Municipal Reference Library (*Trade Winds*, July 4) I have some additions. One is Charles Reznikoff's "By the Waters of Manhattan," which, like "The Rise of David Levinsky," is started in Russia and ended in New York.

Another book is Christopher Morley's "Human Being."

These are the only unlisted novels of New York that I have on hand.

JOAN WALKER.

Penn Yan, N. Y.

Irregardless

SIR: I have enjoyed the July 11 issue of *The Saturday Review*, but I felt the ground falling away beneath my feet when I found, on page 15, under the heading of "The Criminal Record"—"Summing Up"—the word "irregardless." Mayhap I am wrong, but it strikes me that possibly what was meant was "regardless" or "irrespective."

The word you have used, which at present I do not care to repeat, has confronted me more than once of late; perhaps my consternation is due to ignorance, but I have felt a twinge of uneasiness about the English language and its future when I have seen this word.

May I trouble you, therefore, to be so kind as to refer me to your authority for its use. Etymologically, the word appears to be a double negative and therefore the antithesis of what it purports to say.

THOMAS WATT.

Hartford, Conn.

(The only authority for "irregardless" is Ring Lardner. The reviewer employed the word in the belief that its facetious use would be self-evident.—The Editors.)

Reading in Manchuria

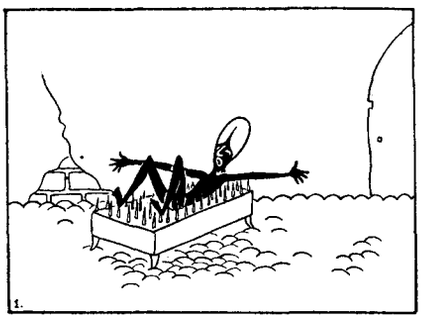
SIR:—While I still feel all het up about it I must say my say about "Land of the Free," by Herbert Agar. I had read one or two reviews of it and had not been impressed. Not long ago I picked it up and then I couldn't let it go. It is what the doctor ordered for these United States and I wish it could be read and understood far and wide. I vaguely recall having seen a notice of it in *The Saturday Review* but I am convinced that it is so much better than many books on the present social and economic mess we are in that I think it deserves pushing. Agar doesn't like either fascism or communism but believes that if we in America stop trying to be a bigger and better England and really develop our own culture there is a chance that we can escape the deluge. He wants us to turn to a system of what he terms "real" private property, where a man can lead a dignified, significant life. He believes that there are great masses of our people who have seen the emptiness of merely "getting ahead as opposed to leading a good life." He fears that the Western world has become too civilized, too cynical, and because it thinks everything relative, is not willing to fight for its ideals. His chapter on American foreign policy (VII) is fine.

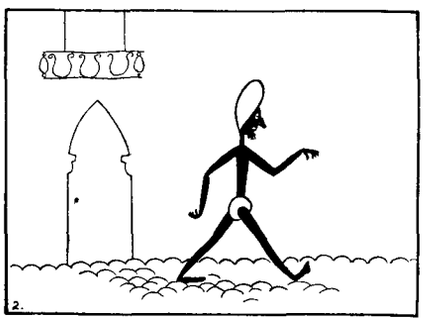
May I take time out to congratulate you on *The Saturday Review*? It has been simply fine. The reviews have been good and the articles, ones which make you sit up and take notice. I like it.

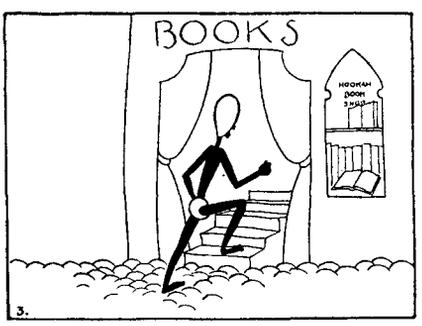
We have been reading Dorothy Sayers's "Gaudy Night," and as usual it is up to her high standard. Lord Peter is as witty as ever. In her introduction to her anthology of detective stories Miss Sayers says that there is a possibility that the detective-story will some time come to an end, "simply because the public will have learnt all the tricks." She goes on to say that in the meantime a new and less rigid formula will have developed, "linking it more closely to the novel of manners, and separating it more widely from the novel of adventure." That is what "Gaudy Night" has done and done well.

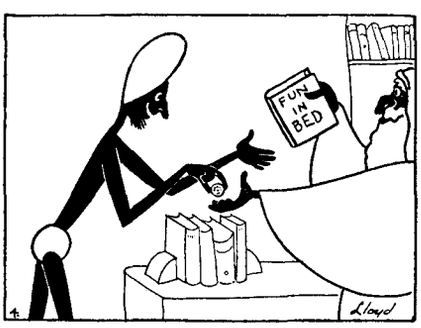
J. M. A.

Dairen, Manchuria.









Juveniles of the Recent Past

SIR:—In reference to the recent query in the "Bowling Green" of July 11: ". . . were there ever such grand juveniles as those we used to read in the years 1895 to 1905?"

Yes, those of Harry Castlemon (Charles R. Fosdick) who "flourished" during the years 1870-1880 (about). His "Frank" books were the delight of all healthy youngsters of that period.

To the best of my recollection, the popular juvenile writers from 1870 to 1910 ran chronologically as follows: Harry Castlemon, Oliver Optic, Horatio Alger, Edward S. Ellis, and Henty. (I do not recall Henty's full name and I have no personal knowledge of his writings.)

Edward S. Ellis, my father (1840-1916), after he resigned, in 1884, as editor of *Golden Days*, became a free-lance and wrote many juveniles, the most famous of which were "The Deerfoot Series."

Castlemon, Ellis, and Henty specialized in stories of forest and prairie, in which Indians largely figured. They all wrote thrilling—but *not* blood-and-thunder-stories, and they practically had their chosen field to themselves. Neither Optic nor Alger ever entered this field.

Shortly after the turn of the century, the boys of the new generation began to lose interest in stories of the wild and to demand yarns about wireless, motorboats, automobiles, and airplanes. Father at first succumbed to his publishers' demand that he turn out such stories; but, after his many requests to be permitted to write Indian tales were regularly turned down, he quit the writing of juveniles and devoted the rest of his life to historical works.

In a way it seems odd that juveniles, replete with adventure and woodcraft lore, should be so thoroughly forgotten today, when there are so many "Boy Scouts" and "Campfire Girls." I suspect that these organizations are merely camoflages for "picnics" and that the youngsters, like the oldsters, have succumbed to the lure of the "Machine Age."

WILMOT E. ELLIS.

Summerville, S. C.

Eneas Sweetland Dallas

SIR:—I am making a study of the life and work of Eneas Sweetland Dallas, and would very much appreciate hearing from any of your readers who have letters, MSS., or any information relating to him. Address: University of Michigan, Department of English Language and Literature, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

FRANCIS X. ROELLINGER.

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What Is Literary History?

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN LETTERS. By Walter Fuller Taylor. With Bibliographies by Harry Hartwick. Boston: American Book Co. 1936. $3.50.

LITERATURE AND AMERICAN LIFE. By Percy H. Boynton. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1936. $4.

THE PURITAN PRONAOS: STUDIES IN THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE OF NEW ENGLAND IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. By Samuel Eliot Morison. New York: New York University Press. 1935. $3.75.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

THE dilemma of historians of American literature does not differ in kind from that of other literary historians except as the peculiarities of American literary development have intensified the puzzle and bewildered the authorities. For if by literary history is meant a descriptive account in chronological order of literary monuments, the literary historian has only to manufacture a convenient reference book offering neat digests of orthodox evaluations. These digests he may naively classify into "schools" or "periods," sprinkle the whole with a proper seasoning of biographical anecdote, end on a note of blameless optimism—and lo! his book is done. The vast majority of histories of American literature are of this simple kind.

But is a history of a national literature a survey of masterpieces (live or dead), or is it a history of a nation's literary life? Viewed from within, literary activity is a problem of the esthetic life; viewed from without—that is, viewed as a portion of culture—literary activity is a complex affair having innumerable implications. The vogue of particular books in a given period may have only an incidental relation to their real artistic worth; fashions in writing sometimes swamp both an age and the talents of an age without much regard to critical values; sometimes a great genius seems to run counter to his era, and sometimes an era is possessed of some mysterious potency which carries a regiment of geniuses in its current. Literary activity has its social and sociological fringes, its political and economic connotations. Problems of past inheritance and of international influences arise; and what was originally conceived as a simple set of annals disappears into a complex variety of forces and fashions, of patterns and inheritances, until the literary historian can scarcely say whether he is a literary critic, a social historian, an economist, a psychologist, or a philosopher.

The American situation in this respect is especially complicated. The formal literary inheritance of the country was British, but we have so far departed from our inheritance in later decades that almost the only characteristic common to both literatures is often no more than that they are both written in English. But the British inheritance in the seventeenth century was of a special sort, and neither poetry nor drama nor fiction produced offspring of importance on this side of the water until the nineteenth century. Instead, the great gift of British literature to rising American letters was a flexible and lucid expository prose, mainly devoted by the Colonials to the discussion of theological, historical, and polemical issues which have nothing to do with belles lettres, the result being that merely literary historians have for the most part neglected writing intellectually rich because it is esthetically poor. When in the nineteenth century the full tide of American belles lettres set in, it had no sooner begun than determined efforts were made to insist on the un-British character of this writing; and, moreover, new influences poured in upon American writers because of the peculiar characteristics of American society. The American literary historian is compelled to weigh these influences; and in weighing them, he has to become something of a sociologist, something of a political historian, and something of a prophet. And finally, a determined effort was made in the opening decades of the present century to overturn the esthetic valuations of "classic" American writers which had sufficed for Victorian America, sometimes because these valuations were wrong and sometimes because they were Victorian; and in consequence, familiar landmarks in literary history have been obscured or obliterated.

Such are some of the riddles which a history of American literature must solve. It cannot be said that either of the two histories under survey solves them in an altogether satisfactory manner. Both are textbooks; and though a good textbook of the subject is needed, American literary history has been damaged because it has been too overwhelmingly the subject of textbook writing. Dr. Taylor's book is clear, but uninspired, and his struggles to fit American literary development into the frame of American social development are regrettably unconvincing. Among the virtues of his book is his emphasis upon American fiction as an important part of American letters and as a mirror of American life, but this very merit leads to disproportionate emphasis. The seventeenth century is superficially discussed in sixteen pages; the eighteenth, in forty-nine. The bibliography by Mr. Hartwick is the most important part of the book, but the bibliography is totally out of proportion to the elementary quality of the volume.

Mr. Boynton's volume is a richer and more penetrating book, for Mr. Boynton is one of the leading scholars of the field and has been teaching the subject for a great many years. He has had the courage to abandon the belles lettres theory and to struggle with such problems as folk poetry, periodical literature, the theater, and what may be called in general the march of mind. This is excellent; but the result has been to confuse the outlines of his volume, so that the problem of organization is not fully solved. Moreover, Mr. Boynton has not wholly extricated himself from the dilemma previously outlined: there are pages in his book which read like the work of a social historian, and there are other pages which read like the work of a literary critic, but unfortunately the two do not always fuse. The reader will secure from Mr. Boynton's chapters a sense of the rich variety, the ebullient productiveness of American writing, good, bad, or indifferent, but he is likely to leave its perusal with a sense of confusion.

Mr. Morison's book (with its somewhat pedantic title) is not a history of American literature even in the seventeenth century, but rather represents the kind of study which must be carried through before a definitive history can be written. Puritanism is a kind of King Charles's head which haunts all histories of American literature; or, to change the figure, it has become a bugaboo with which literary historians have frightened away modern readers from the Colonial period. It seems odd, but it is true, that though no Colonial enterprise has had so much written about it as the New England enterprise, we do not yet understand the intellectual implications of the ideology which carried it through. This misunderstanding has arisen from the refusal to interpret the documents of that enterprise in the light of the intellectual climate which brought them forth—even the refusal to examine them with that thoroughness which should be expected of modern scholarship. Although Mr. Morison is somewhat the apologist of New England, he *has* examined the documents in the light of the intellectual climate which brought them forth. The vitality of the New England intellect in the Colonial period is at once wonderful and influential; it was at once more mundane and more kindly in dealing with human nature than modern historians, for the most part, have admitted, and in making this point Mr. Morison points the way to that re-examination of the whole Colonial period without which the history of American literature hangs in the air.

Howard Mumford Jones is a critic and historian of American literature, recently appointed to a chair at Harvard University. He has been particularly interested in regional literature of late and has reviewed many novels of the South and other sections of the country for The Saturday Review.

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The BOWLING GREEN by Christopher Morley

Granules from an Hour-Glass

WHEN one knows he is going on voyage, he looks with newly sensitized observation at the familiar scene. It occurred to me the other day, instead of waiting for the grossly overcrowded 5:33 at Penn station, to take the 5:11 to Jamaica (L. I.) and wait there for the old 5:33 to catch up with me.

Just why this ensures a comfortable seat at Jamaica, without jostle or skirmish, would require a rehearsal of minutiæ too spacious. You must just take my word for it. This stratagem has long been employed by experienced commuters on the Oyster Bay branch.

It gives you a wait of 20 minutes on the high and breezy platform at Jamaica. You can sit on an empty baggage truck, watch engine 34 pull out for Port Jeff (a heavy 13-car train at this season) or number 21 for Ronkonkoma. You can chat with the engineer of number 21, asking him whether they've seen anything of the banshee reported frightening Wading River; you can study (as you did in boyhood) the flange that holds the engine on the track. You are still surprised to note that the middle driving wheel (of 3 on a side) has no flange at all; and the astonishment has not diminished that so small a rim can keep the engine on the rails. Only nowadays you carry the thought a step further and see an economic or sociological parable.

Like most other commuters, I do my share of grumbling at the railroad company, but when I see number 34 or number 21 (fine big engines) waiting with steam up for their stint, I sometimes wonder if a 2-cent fare is really enough to keep all that traffic moving and buy new rolling stock and put bridges instead of our hellish level crossings? I watch the long string of cars rumbling off, each with its little badge of shame confessing that it really belongs to some bank in Philadelphia, and wonder.

You have time also to hang around the open door of the dispatcher's office, watching the teletypes printing off strange messages. OTTO COME UP TO OFFICE PLEASE, it says. Or, SEND A LINE OF RYS PLEASE. Then duly follow a whole lot of RY's and the question SEE HOW YOU GET THESE. You are just about to ask the alert young redheaded assistant stationmaster (Otto?) what is the meaning of a line of RY's when in rumbles old 24, for Oyster Bay.

I pay $11.44 for a monthly ticket from Salamis—but suppose I had to drive myself to and fro, how much would it cost? Damn it all, I think to myself as I watch them rumbling to and fro, civilization does pretty well on the whole—when no one is chucking monkey wrenches. Those fellows in the smoker who crab the loudest about seats and service—do they never make mistakes in their own business?

I must think about all this while on vacation.

Mount Ampersand

SIR: You will be delighted at the very recent researching discovery of Typophile John Archer, who guides the printing and binding activities at our New York Public Library.

John was stirred by your Sat. Review plea for a picture of old Mt. Ampersand and got busy. He hasn't a photograph yet, but he has found out that Ampersand is also a river and a lake! All in the Adirondacks.

He further finds a delightful essay on all three in Henry Van Dyke's "Little Rivers," A Book of Essays In Profitable Idleness (Charles Scribner's Sons, 1896, Third Edition), that you might like to read. To top that, he uncovers an earlier article of Mr. Van Dyke's, in Harper's New Monthly Magazine for July 1885 (Vol. LXXI, No. CCCCXXII, p. 217) on the same subject which is illustrated with woodcuts of mountain, lake and brook by one Julian Rix.

PAUL A. BENNETT.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Perhaps the troubles in Spain make timely a couple of photos shown us by our far-ranging client Helen Galland. The smaller one is a bookstore in Barcelona, which she found adjoining a barracks and a burlicue. The larger picture is an open-air stall in Majorca, with the legend *A good book is not an article of luxury, but a prime necessity.*

Members of the Three Hours for Lunch Club were disturbed when they were underrated by Mr. A. Edward Newton who in his book *Derby Day* (p. 290) called it the Two Hours f.L.C. But now comes Miss Helen Jacobs' autobiography *Beyond the Game* which (p. 152) speaks of the Four Hours f.L.C. and everything is all square.

We are delighted to hear again from an old friend, Miss Caroline Lockhart of Cody, Wyoming—whose book *The Dude Wrangler* we still remember as one of the best Western humoresques ever written. Our copy got away from us somehow, and it must be 15 years since we read it, but when we were at the dentist lately we recalled the cowboy who had a cast made of his "gooms," and the fact that Miss Lockhart amused herself by naming her tenderfoot hero after a well-known literary editor.

The Cody *Enterprise,* which Miss Lockhart used to edit, says that three carloads of cattle from Miss Lockhart's

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ranch "topped the market" at Billings recently. "While many of Miss Lockhart's cattle sold for $4.25, her top cows brought $5.30, and a bunch of yearlings went at $5.40."

At this rate Miss Carrie should be able to afford to write another book. We need it.

Summer Days Are Gently Blown

Summer days are gently blown
Of fairy-tinted glass;
Delicately fashioned,
To lure us as they pass.

We hold them in our rounded hands,
Fearful of shattered bliss:
Paradisal wonder—
Or bleak antithesis?

Ensnare their brittle loveliness
Of echoed, crystal sound.
Summer days are gently blown
But crash to sudden ground.

FLEUR CONKLING.

As a miscellaneous and capricious collector, nothing has tickled us more lately than getting hold of a copy of the Moscow News of June 1, 1936 (the weekly edition of the Moscow Daily News, a journal about the U.S.S.R. for English-language readers). This contains the first English printing of the draft Constitution which is to be submitted to the Congress of Soviets in November.

The Constitution was printed over here by the New York Times (June 26) and struck us immediately as one of the world's most interesting documents. Surely no one can read Chapter X, "Citizens' Basic Rights and Obligations," without excitement. Eloquent parchments are the easiest phase of government, but we like the way Chapter X puts it:—

"Citizens of the U.S.S.R. have the right to work. . . .

"Citizens of the U.S.S.R. have the right to rest. . . .

"Citizens of the U.S.S.R. have the right to material security in old age. . . .

"Citizens of the U.S.S.R. have the right to education. . . ."

The announcement (in Chapter I) that the exploitation of man by man is abolished, is perhaps premature; but we like pronunciamentoes of all sorts to be a bit ahead of their time.—Any other collectors of historical trove can probably get copies of this document from the American agent of the Moscow News, the Bookniga Corporation, 255 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.—We had rather expected that some publisher would have reprinted the Soviet Constitution in a pamphlet for the use of students.

Can Anyone Tell Us?

SIR:—In my Sherlock Holmes scrapbook I have a clipping from the New York Times which carries a wireless dispatch from London dated Oct. 10, 1923. It reports the opening in London of a play *The Return of Sherlock Holmes,* said to be by Harold Barry and Arthur Rose. Apparently Conan Doyle was approvingly present at the opening and the piece was well received.

Can any of your Baker Street Irregulars tell me, was this play ever produced in the U. S., and has the script been published?

JAMES HUDSON (no relation to MRS.)
Yonkers, N. Y.

At the Hairdresser's

SIR:—Occasionally I have occasion to escort my wife to the hairdresser's and wait for her.

To beguile the time I have been reading Katherine Cecil Thurston's "The Masquerader" one of the three books in the hairdresser's "library."

Therein I was pleased to find the following (p. 116): "A cigarette is for the trivial moments of life; a cigar for its fulfilments, its pleasant, comfortable retrospections; but in real distress—in the solving of question, the fighting of difficulty—a pipe is man's eternal solace."

Pretty good for a woman, eh?

WILBUR M. STONE.

Anatomist of Our Time

(*Continued from page* 4)

torture that has gone before. Looking back over the trilogy, one can remember only one small incident when any of the characters seemed to be feeling anything at all, the passage in "1919" where the reluctant Sister, during a mountain rainstorm, was putting off Richard Savage to another time. She seemed to be feeling a genuine emotion at the time, which is more than she did when, pregnant and drunk, she started on the airplane ride that killed her. That incident in the rain stuck out as sharply as a metaphysician would in a novel by Ernest Hemingway.

With that realization we come to Mr. Dos Passos's principal deficiency as a novelist. How far it is also a deficiency of the fiction of mass man is indeterminable. It may be that the rigorous behaviorism of his method is what deprives his characters of intellectual life. It may be that you cannot show the interests and passions of the mind, its reveries, its analyses, its preoccupations, its satisfactions and anxieties, when you limit yourself to exhibiting only motor and verbal behavior. Certainly, no character in the trilogy thinks at all, none of them follows an idea for none has an idea to follow, and no intellectual value affects any of them in the least. But if that complete atrophy of the cerebrum must be charged to technical rigorousness, surely something other than technique is responsible for the atrophy of the emotions. A technique of fiction is only a means of presenting human beings—and human beings feel. But the automatons of Mr. Dos Passos do not feel.

They have no emotions of any kind. It is not only that the more complex pleasures and pains pass them by, so that they are not stimulated by anything esthetic or depressed by anything spiritual—but that all pleasures and pains pass them by. They sleep with each other every page or two and they drink enough liquor to make this the most eloquent temperance tract since "The Beautiful and Damned." But they seem to enjoy

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
OUT OF ORDER *Phoebe Atwood Taylor* (Norton: $2.)	Asey Mayo, out of Cape Cod bailiwick, and sleuthing against time, clears up new murder and strange old mystery.	Less cutely whimsical than some earlier Asey adventures: amusing, puzzling, and popping with good talk and action.	Aces
THE LADY IN THE MORGUE *Jonathan Latimer* (Crime Club: $2.)	Bill Crane, dipsomaniac dick, trails missing female stiff from morgue to mortuary to mausoleum and back, solving 3 murders.	Rough, rowdy, riotous, rum-soaked, irreverent, profane—and a swell yarn for those with 100 proof nerves and strong stomachs.	Raw meat!
WHO KILLED STELLA POMEROY? *Sir Basil Thomson* (Crime Club: $2.)	Philandering young wife found dead in bathtub. Looks bad for hubby till Supt. Richardson produces proper murderer.	Apparently an English fictional effort based on recognizable *cause celèbre* — and not too well done at that.	Draggy
THE SCORNFUL CORPSE *Milward Kennedy* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	English author finds platonic gal friend poisoned in his London apt. Police say suicide. He says murder and proves it.	Slick bit of amateur sleuthing: sub-plot and characters interesting: ending specially effective. Anti-American bias rather annoying.	Passable

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McKillop

JOHN DOS PASSOS

Portrait by Harold Weston

neither the flesh nor the devil; they invoke both in a nerveless and even bodiless lethargy that looks like an abstract concept being mathematically worked out. They feel no lust and no love, nor any other of the common experiences of mankind. From page 1 of "The 42nd Parallel" to page 561 of "The Big Money" there is neither anger nor hate, neither loyalty nor admiration, neither affection nor fellowship, neither jealousy nor envy. Violent stresses are laid on the characters, their ambitions are frustrated, their bodies are mangled, savage cruelties and repulsive deaths are inflicted on them—but though they grimace they do not suffer. Oppress them and they do not cry out, cut them and they do not bleed.

But that is to say that one essential of fiction is slighted, that the atoms blown about the universe by Mr. Dos Passos's intergalactic winds remain atoms, remain symbols, and do not come alive. And so the reader does not much care what happens to them—interesting, spectacular, kaleidoscopic, pyrotechnic, expertly contrived, a fine movie, but you remain untouched. Compared to Mr. Dos Passos, Mr. Sinclair Lewis, for instance, is an unsophisticated technician—but his people have nervous systems. More life resides in even the minor characters of a Lewis novel than ever gets between the covers of this trilogy. You remember what Fran Dodsworth was doing in 1929—what was Eleanor Stoddard doing a year later? J. Ward Moorehouse is a stylized statement of a conception—George F. Babbitt is a living man. Or, for an exact parallel, consult the Benda mask of E. R. Bingham in "The Big Money" and reflect on the hideousness, but the living hideousness, of Dr. Almus Pickerbaugh. . . . Not Mr. Lewis alone need be invoked. In the six novels of Mr. Dos Passos there is no one with blood and flesh comparable to Catherine Barkley, or Maidy Forrester, or Jean Marie Latour, or Jay Gatsby, or Dr. Bull, or Clyde Griffiths, or Studs Lonigan, or Oliver Gant. Whatever power and brilliance his art may have, it is only imperfectly an art of giving life to fictitious characters.

Now it may be that there are reciprocal forces in fiction—that if you want mass man, the movement of classes and groups and geographies, you must reconcile yourself to doing without individuals. And certainly it is the essence of Mr. Dos Passos's intention to reduce personality to a mere pulsation of behavior under the impersonal and implacable drive of circumstance. But it may be also that in opening to fiction the area which Mr. Wolfe calls the manswarm you risk depriving it of its preëminent value—the exploration of individual human nature that has been the unifying theme in all the diverse kinds of fiction. And it may be that the intricate and dazzling technique that has produced this trilogy rationalizes a personal inadequacy and veils an inability to come to grips with experience. Why otherwise would the short biographies of real people interspersed through the narrative of imaginary ones have so much more feeling and so much more vitality? And certainly, when the individual disappears from fiction the most powerful means of enlisting the reader has gone also, and in achieving a map-survey of America through a quarter-century, you may forfeit your touch with the Americans.

And that map-survey—how accurate is it? Granted its brilliant effects, its breathlessness, intensity, and force, how closely does it follow experience? Well, not very. It is a mature interpretation of our times, integrated throughout, interknit, and consistent, symphonically marshalling its themes to an indictment, a judgment, and even an obsequy. And yet . . . however cruel life in the United States may have been these thirty years it has not been so dreary as all that. The Americans have not had this stolidity, they have not so nervelessly gone down before so dull a destiny. Mr. Dos Passos sees them as noisy, drunken, and lecherous from a kind of tropism. But, really, they are rowdy because they enjoy rowdiness, they drink because liquor makes them feel good, they fornicate because they find fornication fun. They do not go on debauches from a sense of obligation, and they enormously enjoy the business, the bargaining, the sports, the contention, the boisterousness, the daily routine that he depicts as no more than cellular irritability. They sing a lot. They laugh a lot. They enjoy themselves. Millionaires and hoboes, strikers and scabs, they are incurable hedonists. They have gusto. You need only look out of your window, turn on your radio, or listen in the street. . . . What kind of interpretation is this that leaves out gusto and delight, to say no more of anger and pain? What kind of interpretation, especially, of the expanding years? Those years had plenty of hangovers in them, but the way to a hangover has not led through solemnity. No, when you give us the Americans as a mere mass of contractile tissue quivering in a fog, you have turned inward from the street. You are in an atelier, and a damned odd one.

Literature is the richer for any interpretation so sincere and eloquent as this one, and its brilliance, its novelty, and the intensity of its conviction go far to compensate its distortion and the anemia of its characters. Nevertheless both weaknesses must tell against it in any final judgment, and that distortion is ominous in the one remaining aspect of Mr. Dos Passos that is inescapable in any discussion of his work. His sympathies are proletarian, but the proletarian critics have had difficulty with him, sometimes accepting him as orthodox, sometimes rejecting him as a social fascist. "The Big Money" will not ratify his orthodoxy. Talk about the "rot of democracy" is disturbing, the presentation of two Party workers as saps will not be comforting, the frustration and defeat of them all run counter to the mythology of proletarian fiction, and though the treatment of the craven capitalists conforms more to precedent it is a counsel of folly. For the Movement, the whole importance of Charley Anderson is that, in general, he does not end as a drunken letch—but that he stays sober, perfects his directorates, and more securely rivets his system on the dispossessed. The whole importance of the United States Senate is that it is not composed of homosexuals and cheap grafters—the Movement would have much easier going if it were. The whole importance of J. Ward Moorehouse is not that he is a fatuous fool—but that he is a highly intelligent man formidably skilled in the business of evil. And though throughout the trilogy, the proletarians, such as have not betrayed their class, have got the dirty end of the stick, they have also been presented with something of a theoretical argument, originating in formula, the aroma of a syllogism lingering round them, the warm and living reality ignored.

That is what it comes to, from whichever angle you approach the six novels. Experimentation, technical versatility, imagistic brilliance, the perfection of an advanced theoretical system of composition, and an advanced theoretical system of analysis and argument, all these exist almost to surfeit. But the thing lacks something in warmth, in a knowledge of life that is experienced rather than theorized about. A vast amount of fascinating substance, but in the midst of it an artist who remains intensely individualistic and incurably solipsistic, and builds his structure out of logic rather than blood and breath.

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The Immigration Question

HUMAN MIGRATION. A study of International Movements. By Donald R. Taft. New York: The Ronald Press. 1936. $4.

Reviewed by HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD

THIS book gets off to a bad start with the opening sentence: "It is a commonplace that mankind are not evenly distributed over the earth's surface." This is too bad, for while the quotation is to some extent representative of the style and approach of the volume as a whole, it is not a fair preparation for appreciation by the reader of the many excellent and valuable contributions that the author has to make.

It appears evident that Professor Taft has attempted to make his book a real addition to the voluminous literature of immigration, particularly in its American aspects, and to avoid a mere restatement of material that has already been adequately handled by other writers. Accordingly, he reduces his historical treatment of the general immigration movement to the United States to a brief eleven pages. But it is noteworthy that, although the sub-title characterizes the book as a "study of international movements," the "History, Statistics, and Current Trends of Migration" are condensed into a single chapter of twenty-three pages. What the book really becomes is a sociological analysis and critique of various *aspects* of migration. Thus there are many chapters on the Background of Modern Migration, The Effects of Migration, and the Regulation of Migration, national and international.

The author's approach to these themes is of the sort ordinarily described as "liberal." He is obviously anxious to avoid unfairness to any people, to be free from the accusation of prejudice, racial and other, and to recognize valuable social qualities wherever they may be found, in individuals or groups. This attitude is patently commendable and will perhaps be a salutary antidote to a great deal of American writing that reeks with hundred-percentism. Certainly Professor Taft presents a large amount of material, statistical and descriptive, along with his personal interpretations, which will be of great assistance to all students of the question, and which is not easily accessible in any other single volume. It must be confessed that this material is poorly organized and integrated, and that there is a peculiar distribution of emphasis. Thus, in the effort to be thorough, the author devotes a great deal of space to the fundamental questions of population and native intelligence, which are vast controversial subjects in themselves and can hardly be competently disposed of in a book on migration, while on the other hand some problems that are vitally germane to his major subject, such as the effect of immigration on the size and growth of population and on wages and the standard of living, are disposed of with scarcely more than a wave of the pen.

Henry Pratt Fairchild is professor of sociology at New York University.

WORLD IMMIGRATION. By Maurice R. Davie. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. $3.75.

Reviewed by CONSTANTINE PANUNZIO

THIS book is significant for at least two reasons. First, it is the most complete usable presentation of the salient data relating to immigration that has appeared in any language, so far as this reviewer knows. Wilcox-Ferenczi's monumental two-volume "International Migration" (1929, 1931) does bring together a more comprehensive body of data, but while a credit to scholarship it is useful only as a source. Professor Davie draws his materials from a wide variety of sources, skilfully analyzes them, presents them in a readable manner, gives an abundance of statistical, graphic, and other illustrative material, and includes a bibliography of works in English and some in German more comprehensive than will be found in any book of a non-biographical character.

In specific content the book is well-organized, logically developed, and comprehensive. It first discusses the meaning of immigration as a world-wide phenomenon; then takes up immigration to the United States in the colonial period, immigration from northwestern Europe, from southeastern Europe, from other American countries such as Canada, Mexico, etc., and finally immigration from Asia; following this it discusses the characteristics of the immigrants and their effects upon American society, the development of the immigration policy in this country, the administration of the immigration laws, the problem of immigrant adjustment, the Americanization movement, naturalization, and the factors making for or against assimilation. It also has two chapters on immigration to the British Dominions and to the Latin American countries. In short, it leaves little to be desired in the way of both content and manner of presentation. It is a genuinely scholarly work, in the best sense of that term.

It is significant for an even more important reason. Virtually all the books on immigration written in the United States have taken a narrow nationalistic view of a phenomenon which is truly world-wide in its influence. They follow a conventional pattern of distinguishing the "old" from the "new" immigration; parrot fashion repeat the old saw that all the "old" immigration was good and all the "new" very bad, without really going into the facts; they restate and fortify the racial myths which pollute so many contemporary publications; they roundly damn all books that do not adopt the ultra-nationalistic viewpoint on immigration, by not so much as mentioning them; and they tell how immigration affects the United States. For the most part they fail to see or to point out that migration is an international phenomenon of the first order, affecting international trade, balances of trade, monetary policies, international relations and culture, as well as the life of this country.

Professor Davie is free from all this. He does show the effects on the United States—in fact that is his central theme—but he points out the larger aspects of the matter. He points out the larger influences on other peoples, on the immigrant himself, on international activities, etc. In this as in other respects he makes a real contribution. In fact, in this book one branch of sociology comes of age. Incidentally, it shows that the United States is producing scholars capable of viewing societal phenomena in their totality and that we are beginning to see that national adulthood brings with it the responsibility of mature consideration and action.

Professor Panunzio teaches sociology at the University of California at Los Angeles, and is author of several works on or related to immigration.

Hell on a Grain-Hauler

HEAVENLY HELL. The Experiences of an Apprentice in a Four-Mast Barque. By Richard Brinsley Sheridan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1936. $3.50.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER LAING

FOR all its melodramatic title, this is a well-wrought book. Despite its author's heritage it dangles no Irish pennants. There is nothing novel about the subject: a voyage from London to Australia in ballast, and home again with 4000 tons of wheat. The novelty lies in the author's attitude: it is the epic of the gentleman voluntarily seeking a life of filth and great hazard for his soul's sake. To find a clear parallel one must go back to Melville's "Redburn," passing over "Lord Jim." At that, Wellingborough Redburn had an easier prospect: his shipmates spoke his own language, and chipping hammers were yet to be invented.

Papa Erikson's crews are made up almost wholly of Finns earning time in sail for their officers' tickets, "strange mechanical supermen that felt neither pain, emotion, nor misery." The afterguard sized up the apprentice's background and saw to it that the most arduous and revolting jobs (such as cleaning the privies) all came his way. But at last came the fair rewards. When the officers acknowledged that the apprentice had come through with honor, and rewarded him with some of the best jobs in the ship, his fo'c's'le mates were murderously resentful throughout the long voyage home. But the true reward came in the surprising form of a deep and genuine love for the ship. It is a bit hard to think of anyone loving a modern steel grain-hauler, yet Sheridan's account leaves no doubt that the miracle occurred. The title, which at first seems unfortunate, takes on an exact meaning on both counts before the book ends.

One great merit of this book is the presentation of continual variety in the account of a life which necessarily has much of routine in it from day to day. The writing is always spirited and often humorous, even though an occasional passage might not be grammatically acceptable to the shade of another member of the author's family who bore the same name. But these are trifles to carp at in a rich and lusty book.

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Preserved in Law

LOST PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE'S AGE. By C. J. Sisson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1936. $3.75.

Reviewed by TUCKER BROOKE

IT might seem as reasonable to get gold out of sea-water as to recover missing plays of Shakespeare's time from the multitudinous ocean of litigatory documents amassed by the courts of Star Chamber and Chancery. This is just what Professor Sisson has done. After prolonged fishing in those troubled depths he has brought up admirably complete information about two new plays of first importance to students of realistic drama: one the work of George Chapman himself in his best period, the other the joint product of four luminaries, Dekker, Rowley, Ford, and Webster. One was acted by the Paul's Boys in 1603, the other at the Red Bull Playhouse in 1624.

Unfortunately, the administrative mollusk of the law failed in these cases to lay hold on the actual dramatic texts, but otherwise it gathered into itself pretty much all the data a modern student would wish to have—plots, sources, circumstances of performance, signed depositions of authors and actors, etc. And the very pother that the law made about these otherwise unrecorded plays, "The Old Joiner of Aldgate" and "Keep the Widow Waking," is warrant of their particular value as social documents. The gleanings that Dr. Sisson has skilfully collected from the mass of pleadings give us two comprehensive and unquestionable views of London life in the early seventeenth century and add some essential biographical facts about dramatists and producers of the time.

From the same repositories Professor Sisson has extracted the actual texts of certain smaller types of dramatic entertainment. Thus he is able to produce two practically perfect specimens of that rarest of all species, the stage "jig," along with an elaborate May Game from Wells in 1607—which was a first-class example of its kind and also a first-class scandal; and some interesting poetical libels, one dating from Stratford-on-Avon in 1619. More is yet to come, for the "wide ramifications" of the legal papers dealing with the troubles of a company of actors that toured Yorkshire in 1609 with a political play (and also with Shakespeare's "King Lear" and "Pericles") "forbid inclusion of an account of this play in the present volume."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 123)

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Where the early pumpkins blow
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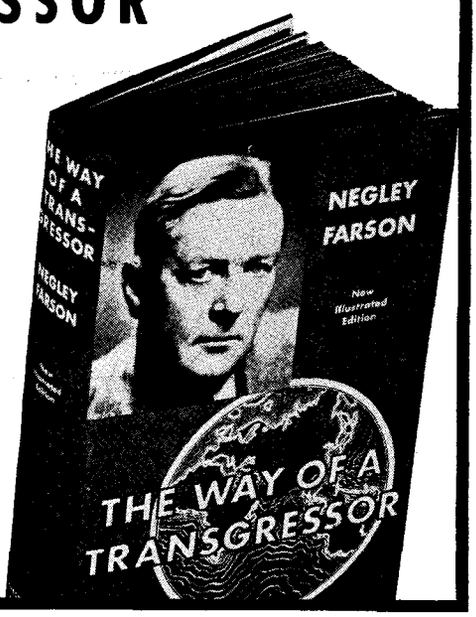

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Thomism and Mysticism

FREEDOM IN THE MODERN WORLD. By Jaques Maritain. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1936. $2.

FREEDOM AND THE SPIRIT. By Nicholas Berdyaev. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1935. $3.75.

Reviewed by REINHOLD NIEBUHR

MARITAIN is one of a number of French Catholic thinkers who are interpreting the cultural and social crisis in the light of Thomistic theology. While his book hardly compares in solidity of scholarship with the recently published Gifford lectures—"The Spirit of Medieval Philosophy," by Etienne Gilson—its merit lies in his effort to apply Catholic social philosophy to the economic and political problems of our era.

Maritain is more successful in commending a Catholic theistic humanism as a basis for a new world culture than in working out the political and economic details. He properly distinguishes the humanism of Thomistic thought from secular humanism on the one hand and the less humanistic theism of the Protestant Barthian theologians on the other. In terms of such a humanism he is able to escape the individualism of secular liberalism with his emphasis that the good of the community is the highest value "in the scale of terrestial values." At the same time he avoids the final subordination of the individual to the community as an end in itself by his insistence that the ultimate possibilities of personality transcend the social purposes for which individuals are claimed in their various political and economic collectivities. In elaborating Thomistic social pholosophy in terms of this problem he reveals the very great resources of a genuine theistic humanism, which most moderns have ignorantly spurned, and shows how easily a purely secular humanism may become self-devouring.

In his concrete proposals for the building of a new world order under Catholic guidance he is less convincing. He wants neither capitalism nor communism. A type of guild socialism seems to him to conform best to the Christian ideal. But he is as unrealistic as the rationalistic liberals, whose approach he rejects, in explaining how that kind of a social order is to be created. He pleads for a priority of politics over economics but does not face the problem that a technical age has made economic power the most basic power, from which political power is derived. In this and in other respects he fails to recognize the dynamic and quasi-autonomous character of the various materials with which a modern statesman must deal. One gains the impression that a Catholicism which once dominated a comparatively static agrarian society will have greater difficulty than it realizes in insinuating its ideals into the dynamic forces of a technical age.

Maritain faces the same difficulties in relating an authoritarian institution to the complexities of a civilization which no longer recognizes a single spiritual authority. The church is to him the instrument of the supremacy of spiritual values over material ones. He does not face the fact that every cultural and spiritual institution is in constant danger of becoming the handmaiden of the dominant forces in society. He neatly dismisses the whole problem of "ideologies" and the religious sanctification of economic interests by admitting the secular influence upon religious ideals only in the decadent period of the Renaissance.

In relating the church to the state he scorns both the secular ideal of tolerance and the old authoritarian ideal of the state as the secular arm of the church. His compromise is full of unconvincing ambiguities. In the same way he does not want Catholic political parties, being particularly critical of the achievements of the Center party of pre-Hitler Germany. He wants Catholics in all political parties and he expects them to guide the policies of these parties in accordance with Catholic presuppositions. There is, in short, not too much clarity in any of his proposals for the detailed problems of the political order.

Whatever one may ultimately think of the validity of Berdyaev's mysticism his approach to the religious problems is so incisive, so penetrating and vital, that it is like the breath of spring in the valley of theological dry bones. Religion, he defines as "an experience of intimacy and kinship with being." It is the direct experience, in the unity of human self-consciousness, of the inner unity of the world. As such it is not subject to description by the categories of reason. Validations of religion in terms of idealistic metaphysics are just as much anathema to him as naturalistic and psychological explanations. The natural world is a symbol of the spiritual world. Neither a scientific description of the natural world, which sees this world without comprehending the dimension of depth, nor philosophical and metaphysical constructs which seek to comprehend the dimension of depth in rational terms are satisfactory. "The events in which the deepest reality of being is revealed are paradoxical for reason and rational consciousness and give rise to antimonies because they are incapable of reduction to concepts."

If they are expressed at all they must be expressed in terms of myth because myth alone suggests the dimension of depth in reality without either identifying the spiritual world with the natural or relegating it to another, a supernatural order of existence. "It is high time," he declares, "that we stopped identifying myth with invention and with the illusions of primitive mentality and with anything, in fact, which is essentially opposed to reality." His use of myth, not new in the religious thought of the continent, will come as a fresh insight to many American readers. It enables him to express his mysticism without falling into the acosmic pantheism of more rationalistic mystics, for whom the world of history is an illusion in contrast to the world of rational forms. It also gives him a vantage point from which to criticize Catholic and Thomistic theology for its separation of the world of nature and grace and for conceiving the world of supernature in essentially substantial terms. It can only be suggested by myth. Berdyaev claims, and rightly I think, that failure to deal adequately with the problem of myth merely betrays modern naturalism into an unconscious mythology of its own.

There are points of relevance between Berdyaev's thought and that of Santayana. The difference between them is the important one that the latter is a sceptic for whom the spiritual life of man is an effervescence upon the surface of material reality. For Berdyaev the spiritual life of man is the way of comprehending the interior spiritual character of the cosmos.

One might raise many questions about Berdyaev's approach to the religious life, particularly the ethical question. In spite of his avoidance of so many of the moral pitfalls of mysticism does he really come to grips with the ethical problem? Has he not retreated unduly from the social issues which he once faced as a Marxian? But whatever questions one may raise, it must be conceded that he has given us the most persuasive and illuminating exposition of Christian mysticism in many decades.

Reinhold Niebuhr is editor of World Tomorrow *and a member of the faculty of the Union Theological Seminary.*

Medieval Universities

THE UNIVERSITIES OF EUROPE IN THE MIDDLE AGES. By Hastings Rashdall. Edited by F. M. Powicke and A. B. Emden. New York: Oxford University Press. 1936. 3 *vols.* $21.

Reviewed by HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN

THESE volumes should be required vacation reading for college presidents with a weakness for generalizing. Like the vision at a mountain-top, they like to point out lakes and valleys that lie well beyond the horizon of vision. Rashdall's three volumes end with this wise caution of the veteran guide, "The lessons of history seldom admit of formal deduction or didactic exposition." Would it were heeded!

Thus, for instance, President Hutchins of the University of Chicago, in the current *Yale Review*, contrasting the medieval university with its modern successor, writes, "The medieval university had a principle of unity. It was theology." and he adds, with charming if somewhat naive certitude, though he does not give us the source of his information, "The medieval university was rationally ordered, and, for its time, it was practically ordered, too." For its time, that is, before the American university system had been invented.

The reading of Rashdall would have taught President Hutchins that there was no unity in the medieval university. In the first place, southern European universities were centered in law, not in theology. In the second place, the position theoretically accorded theology in northern schools, as queen of the sciences, was never actually hers, nor was the

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substance of theology itself a static unity, as Hutchins goes on to suggest. It was profoundly modified by Greek science and mathematics, Arabic and Jewish medicine, and Roman law.

Much less was the medieval university rationally ordered, by deductive syllogism or fiat of king or bishop. It grew like an organic entity, now fighting the city, now the bishop, now the king, now the students, now the teachers, but always fighting fiercely for survival. The rational plan of a university with all the medieval faculties, and with halls and colleges as well, was the exception, not the rule. Many universities had no faculty of theology at all, and the vast majority of medieval students never studied theology.

The medieval university, to Rashdall's way of thinking, was a university, not because it was rationally ordered, or practically either—whatever that means—but rather for the opposite reason. It was a university because in spite of rector and chancellor, pope and bishop, king and duke, it did somehow manage to provide a place where men could live a life of study, in friendly intercourse, sharing its pleasures and privations. This is what makes a university, and this alone. It was not injured by vocationalism or any other modern bugbear. There never were such centers of vocational training as the medieval universities, by the way. Students sought them, Rashdall says, either to get preferment in law or in the church and, through the church, in government.

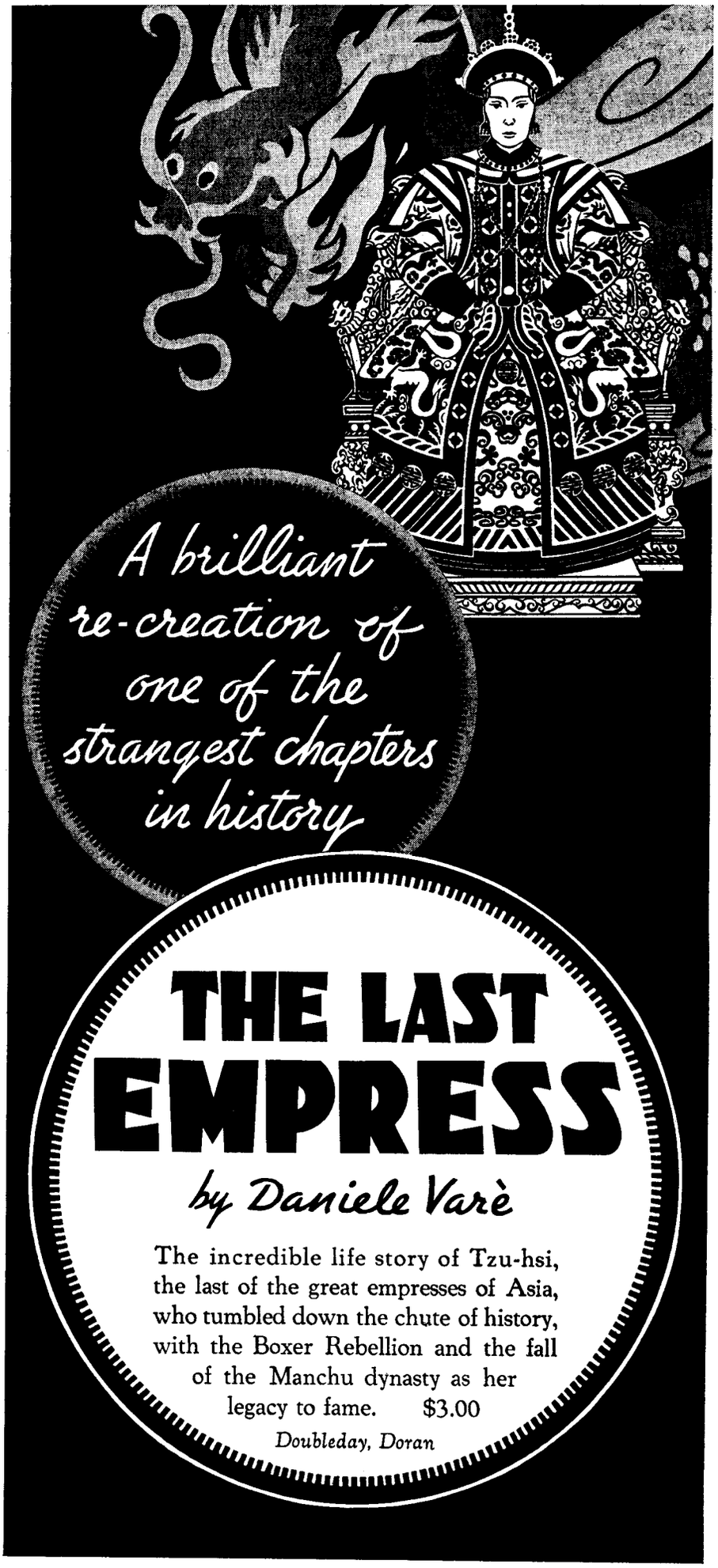
The ideal university of Hutchins, to be devoted solely to metaphysics, logic, and natural science is, thank God, as far over the horizon of the future as his concept of the medieval counterpart is below the horizon of the past. Neither has any existence beyond the sphere of ideas.

The real medieval university, as revealed by Dean Rashdall in his work of 1895, survives astonishingly well the additional data of forty years of prodigious study of many scholars. Professor Powicke and Principal Emden have wisely left Rashdall's text for the most part to stand, excising only where absolutely inaccurate, modifying extreme statement with bracketed comment in excellent taste, and copious bibliographical reference in footnotes. Rearrangement of the material adds to the clarity of style.

It is seldom that a book of such general scholarship remains after forty years the acknowledged authority in its field. The accounts of Bologna and Paris in the first, of the other European universities in the second, and of Oxford and Cambridge in the third volume, are concise and comprehensive; that of Cambridge too much so, indeed, for Cambridge is scarcely so slavish an imitator of Oxford custom as Rashdall implied.

As a standard text in courses in the history of education, this revised edition restores Rashdall in his proper place. His opinions, especially as to Catholic theologians, are perhaps dated, as his editors admit, but in the main his account of the medieval university, the fountainhead of our own stream of truth, still stands, proving the paradox that in the less exact sciences the work of the scholar lasts longest.

Henry Noble MacCracken is president of Vassar College.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The incredible life story of Tzu-hsi, the last of the great empresses of Asia, who tumbled down the chute of history, with the Boxer Rebellion and the fall of the Manchu dynasty as her legacy to fame. $3.00
Doubleday, Doran

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The Plight of German Jewry

THE JEWS OF GERMANY. By Martin Lowenthal. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by BARBARA B. TOLNAI

TO say that Marvin Lowenthal conveys an appalling message of human brutality, would be to limit too closely the scope of this vital, provocative book. Fraught with the burden of age-old oppression, Mr. Lowenthal's pages present an eminently readable if somewhat one-sided account of the plight of German Jewry, from the beginning of the Christian era down to our own day.

"Until recent years, the experience of the German Jews was typical, and to this extent the present book is the story of all Jewry," the announcement on the flap informs us. While this may be true, the question immediately arises as to how nearly the story of Jews in Europe can be divorced from the larger history of the peoples among whom they dwelt. That the oppression of social classes, or of religious or national minorities, is apt to be conditioned by economic considerations, is at this time a generally accepted conclusion, as applicable to the Jews as to large sectors of their Christian contemporaries. The same social forces that kept the Jews confined to their Ghettos, and from time to time precipitated massacres among them, were also responsible for the rising mounds of Lollards and peasants slaughtered during the uprisings that periodically convulsed Europe during the late Middle Ages and the Renaissance; the hand that lit the Jewish pyres was no different from that which cast the peasant leaders to their fiery deaths.

The account of pogroms and atrocities perpetrated on Jews runs like a red thread through the history of Europe. Yet here, too, the tragedy of the Jews is only a small part of the general tragedy of fanaticism. History has not forgotten the Christian legions who, preferring *homouision* to *homousion*, died for a letter *i* and an obscure theological principle. The "stiff necked" Jew who mounted the pyre rather than abandon his faith was a hero indeed. Yet he was neither a greater hero nor a more innocent victim than the Protestant that Mary Tudor consigned to the flames, or the Catholic that her father, Henry, sent to the block.

"There would be little exaggeration in saying that it was Jew hatred which made people Nazis, and not the Nazis who made people hate the Jews. In the realm of ideology it was anti-Semitism which 'sold' Germany the National Socialist platform," Mr. Lowenthal maintains. This statement would seem to be in direct support of the Nazi contention that there can be no peace between Jew and German. It fails, however, to take into account the sufferings of men and women of other faiths, notably Catholics, who like the Jews have felt the heavy hand of Hitlerism; finally it fails in a rational consideration of German history since the World War.

Mr. Lowenthal implies that the difficulties of Jews are to be traced to the fact that they have forsaken their national identity. Yet if the myth of race and blood, which Mr. Lowenthal rightly excoriates, is meaningless and pernicious in the case of the Nazis, it is difficult to see how it can become more valid and attractive when proposed by Jews. That Jews cannot alternately be a religious sect and a nation, stands to reason; yet a latter-day separatism as a solution to Jewish wrongs seems, to say the least, problematical.

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
IN THE MONEY *Arthur Somers Roche* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Novel	A Winchell-Sullivan-Sobel gent is Bill Granard. Yeah—he's a newspaperman. Yeah—he's a columnist. Yeah—he knows 'em all and they all know him. And does he marry the boss's daughter? Yeah!	Tabloidiana
UNDER PRESSURE *George Agnew Chamberlain* (Bobbs-Merrill: $2.)	Adventure-Romance	"Their kiss opened the floodgates of the heart and swept their veins with fire." That's the last part. And the first: Spunky gal—pesky stepmaw—and then off to Mexico for important business and justice.	Tabasco Sauce
CANNERY ANNE *Morris Hull* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	Novel	Swift stuff and good stuff on what goes on in a canning factory. Author Hull knows his fruits and vegetables and the gal Anne, well—she's around plenty.	Choice Pack
THE DARK WATERS *William Corcoran* (Appleton-Century: $2.)	Adventure	Dex Ward plays bodyguard for pal Teverson who is in the smuggling racket. And believe us, Dex is kept pretty busy what with his work and the fascinatin', captivatin' Stephanie.	Lively

The Real Burghley

WILLIAM CECIL. By Alan Gordon Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1935. $3.75.

Reviewed by MILTON WALDMAN

THE thesis that Mr. Smith sets out to prove is the one so brilliantly put forward by James Anthony Froude in his "History of England": "She (Elizabeth) never modified a course recommended to her by Burghley without injury both to the realm and to herself." But Mr. Smith goes further; much further. The truth, he says, was only partially and uncertainly perceived by Froude, who, "in representing Burghley as the hero of his imaginative 'History of England,' projected an incongruous figure of Victorian respectability into an age that was singularly deficient in that quality." The real Burghley, he urges, was a bootlicker, a liar, a snob, a double-faced intriguer, a coward, a forger, a torturer, a perverter of justice and various other kinds of scoundrel. Mr. Smith does not condemn, he does not even deprecate these various aspects of his hero. On the contrary he calls upon the world to come and admire the succeeding aspects of the man's "genius"—the word is the author's own, oft-repeated.

It is a strange picture that results. Gone are the glories of the Elizabethan Age, which even Froude was feeble enough to accept, gone Elizabeth herself, in whom Burghley's feeble-minded younger contemporaries—Sir Philip Sidney, Edmund Spenser, Francis Bacon—worshipped a rare if wayward greatness. England is a nest of nincompoops who rush about trying—vainly, thank God—to foil the one Great Man; the Queen is a puppet with a wig but no spine who falls into various ungainly or compromising postures until her servant (by courtesy) pulls the strings and straightens her up again. Nothing is left but the Secretary getting away with one bit of dirty work after another.

Anyhow, it is an original picture, and one that would have made Froude gasp as well as more modern scholars, who take a rather different view of the relationship between Elizabeth and her principal minister. Only it is hard to understand why Cecil should have sobbed to his intimates that the Queen would ruin everything if she snubbed France by turning down Anjou and Alençon when he himself drew up the marriage contracts in the conviction that she would marry one and then the other? Or how Mary Stuart managed to survive for nineteen years with Cecil clamoring for her death?

However, these are no doubt debatable points. What is not disputable is that Cecil at Edinburg clamored to accept a good deal less than Elizabeth allowed him to—his letters say so explicitly. No, Cecil was not a figure of Victorian respectability. He was merely a figure of Elizabethan respectability—cautious, careful of the world's opinion, deeply attached to money, anxious to give his family a good start in the world—in short, taking his achievements in government into account, what his wise contemporary Camden called him, "a drudge of genius."

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A Century of Revolt

MOVEMENTS OF THOUGHT IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By George H. Mead. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1936. $5.

Reviewed by GERTRUDE VERITY RICH

IN THE welter of thought characteristic of the 19th century can be found the immediate background of contemporary problems and attitudes. And yet there is no one tendency in terms of which that century can be interpreted. It saw no great intellectual synthesis; men were not united in their thought, they were diversified in their disagreements. The period is one of revolt, and of building in a number of new directions. Hence it is almost impossible to make any valid generalizations that will cover the century as a whole, or to interpret it from an exclusive point of view, whether economic, political, or scientific. An adequate appraisal must weave these varied threads into a real fabric. It is this which Professor George Mead does so richly in his "Movements of Thought in the Nineteenth Century."

The style in which the material is presented may at first seem a drawback. Professor Mead's death in 1931 saw his work uncompleted, but much of it had been left in the form of stenographic reports of his lectures.

The lectures follow three major lines of development: First, the transition from Renaissance to Revolution, with Kant as the philosopher of the Revolution and the great Idealists Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel representing the birth of Romanticism out of its breakdown. Second, the spread of the idea of evolution, fostered by the Hegelian philosophy and fostering in its turn the industrial revolution and the social doctrines of the Utilitarians and Karl Marx. Third, the social conditions out of which modern science arose, together with its characteristic method and the problems it raises for modern philosophy.

To introduce the thought of the century, Mead goes back into the Renaissance, particularly into Renaissance science. Here his interpretation would seem to be too predominantly theological, for he finds that the mathematical emphasis of Galileo and his fellow physicists was an attempt to explain in scientific terms the rational universe of the theologian with which they started, and that their assignment of a mental status to secondary qualities was largely made possible because of Christianity with its stress on the human soul. But Galileo was protesting against the Aristotelian qualitative rationalism of the theologian, he was not developing a scientific apologetic for it.

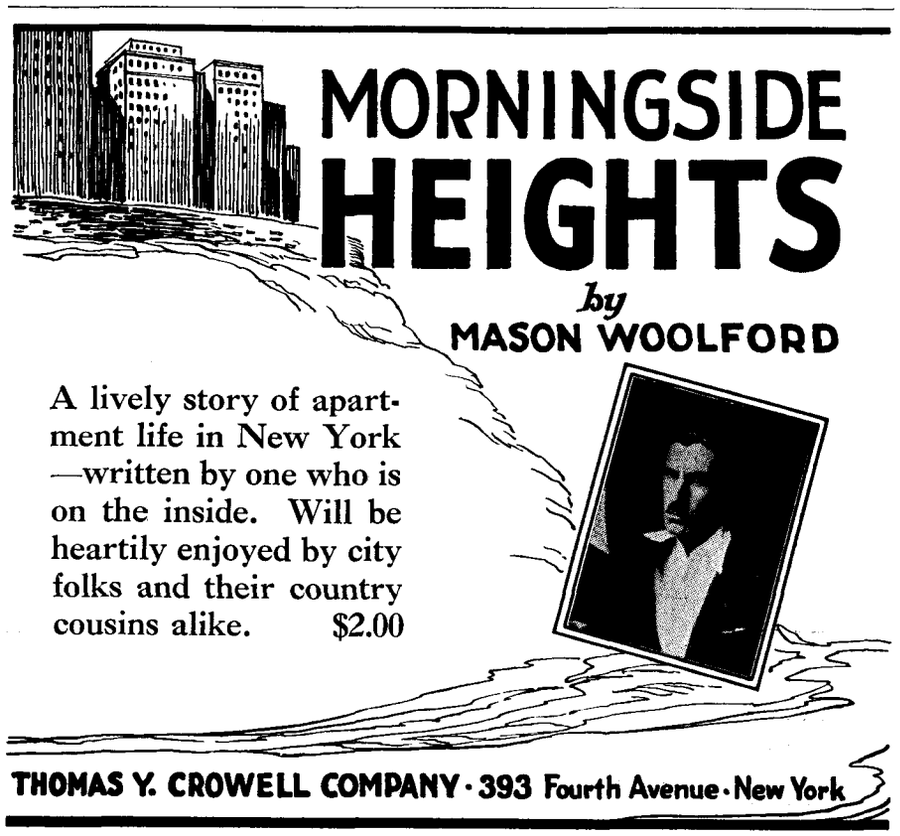
Thus the discussion of the early Renaissance seems biased, but in his treatment of the later philosophers, Hobbes, Locke, and Rousseau, and the society which each of these desired, Professor Mead presents a sound analysis. Particularly well drawn is the contrast between Hobbes and Locke, who put social impulses in man's nature and so could build up a society in terms less rigid than those of Hobbes; and so too is the analysis of the Volonté Général in Rousseau, that Volonté Général which Mead sees developing into the Kantian categorical imperative.

We owe this volume a debt of gratitude for explaining Kant in terms understandable to those who do not specialize in his philosophy. Kant as the culmination of certain social attitudes, and as the apologist for that science which Hume's critique had so brilliantly attacked, is ably and succinctly presented, and his influence upon the Romanticists pointed out. The more abstruse statements of German Romantic Idealism are simplified and its bearing upon the interpretation of the self and the world, so significant for later individualism, are clearly stated.

Though the student of economics and sociology will be interested in the able analysis of the industrial revolution and the rise of capitalism as productive of Adam Smith, the Utilitarians, and Karl Marx, still it is in the author's emphasis upon the development of science that he can contribute most where it is most needed. Science as Newton saw it and as the modern research scientist sees it are two distinct things; and if one can make any generalization about the 19th century it is that it embodies the shift from a static conception of the universe to one in which geneticism is all important, and the dominant idea is that of process. The whole influence of science in this modern age, an influence due to the tremendous ability it gives man to control his environment; the fundamental presupposition that science makes as to the intelligibility of the world; the nature of the scientific postulate, which is always hypothetical in character, and which always welcomes challenge; the influence of evolution and the sciences of biology and psychology, with their interesting blend of the theological and the deterministic, upon the physical sciences; and the breakdown of the rigid and mechanical doctrines in physics, a breakdown which Mead sees leading through such figures as Maxwell, Michelson and Morley and Fitzgerald to the statement of relativity itself,—all these are discussed at length, and with originality as well as accuracy.

After discussing the three philosophical attitudes of vitalism, realism, and pragmatism which grow out of scientific method, Mead turns in his last three chapters to the elaboration of some of his own ideas in the fields of sociology and psychology. He connects the whole evolutionary process with social organization as its most complex expression. The development of the self, taking place in society as the individual is able to communicate and to participate in common activities, is explained, thus making the development of mind a social evolution. The nature of reflective experience is analyzed in pragmatic terms.

With the appendix the book stands as a treatment of most of the major problems of the 19th century. The one considerable omission is the problem of religion. Though Mead has scattered references to the contrast between religious dogma and scientific ideals, and though he stresses the kinship between religious idealism and Marxianism, there is no comprehensive treatment of the religious developments in the period. But the keenness and originality of Mead's viewpoint, and the combination of simplicity, comprehensiveness, and independent thought, should give this volume an extremely wide appeal.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The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN. By Thomas Mann. *Knopf.*

VIVA MEXICO. By Charles M. Flandrau. *Appleton-Century.*

THE TESTAMENT OF BEAUTY. By Robert Bridges. *Oxford University Press.*

Recreational Reading

"In September," writes L. S. R. of Jamestown, Pa., *"I have a paper to prepare for a Study Club on recreational reading. I realize that a list of this kind would depend largely on one's personal tastes, and would like suggestions as to how to present such a list and what books are to be recommended."*

RECREATION is, indeed, so much a matter of personal taste that to prescribe reading for the purpose is a matter of infinite perplexity. Anything may be recreation if it happens to fall in with the slant of mind of an individual, from an abstruse treatise on integral calculus to a cookbook. But, I suppose, what L. S. R. has specifically in mind is such books as are likely to divert a variety of persons under a variety of circumstances—the business man, the professional worker, the housewife, the invalid, anyone who either through enforced idleness or in brief intervals of relaxation seeks entertainment and amusement. I don't know how L. S. R. expects to handle her topic, whether it is to be disposed of in one meeting or whether it is to serve as subject for several, and I should think that just what she does with it would have to depend largely upon the time at her command. But if, as seems possible from her letter, she has to present a covering paper I should think her best way of attacking her subject would be to adjust it to her particular audience and offer such a list of reading as would fall in with the activities or interests of those who compose it. It's a fairly safe guess to suppose that the generality of persons turn for recreation in reading to fiction, biography, or history—especially to the first two categories. It's likely, too, that the person who is reading for recreation is spasmodic in his tastes, and that a list prepared for him need have little unity of theme. It's the person who is reading for a purpose who follows along definite lines, and who starting with a biography of Marie Antoinette would follow it up with a history of the French Revolution, and slide from that into a life of Napoleon and possibly to a SANFELICE. Your recreational reader will be content to read Marcia Davenport's MOZART (Scribners) and skip from that to Lytton Strachey's QUEEN VICTORIA (Harcourt, Brace), and from that, without turning a hair, to Don Marquis's ARCHY AND MEHITABEL (Doubleday, Doran).

For pure, unadulterated recreation, for the reading that is absorbing and completely removed from the suspicion of moral purpose, give me the detective story. Here are all the elements of diversion. A story which exerts in maturity the sort of fascination which the fairy story did in youth, which for most of us lies as completely outside the realm of our experience as did that other, in which we can vicariously live a life of danger and excitement and match our wits against the wits of the author as well as of his characters—here is true relaxation. Conan Doyle, Dorothy Sayers, Freeman Wills Crofts, Austin Freeman, Van Dine, Marjorie Allingham, and a host of other writers of the mystery story are names to place on L. S. R.'s list. And still, now that I have put them there, I am sorry that I did not begin with a far different type of reading, for after all what could be better recreation than rereading the classics of literature, the great works which yield fresh delight on every return to them? Only last month I employed some of the leisure hours of the first vacation from enforced reading that I have had in a long time in rereading (for the how manyeth time I cannot say), PRIDE AND PREJUDICE, EMMA, and PERSUASION, and I know of no better prescription for recreation. So perhaps L. S. R. should begin her paper by counselling her club to return to those works which have been loved in the past, dwell in memory fondly, and yield unexpected delight by the rediscovery of half-forgotten details. But, to come down to present days. There are the many volumes of which our friends are always talking with enthusiasm, the graceful stories or the humorous ones, or the charmingly sentimental, or the piquant, books all of us mean to read when they appear and under the stress of daily routine find no leisure for. They are excellent selections for the hours of relaxation—such books as "Elizabeth's" THE ENCHANTED APRIL (Doubleday, Doran), or Margaret Kennedy's THE CONSTANT NYMPH (Doubleday, Doran), or J. B. Priestley's THE GOOD COMPANIONS (Harpers), or any of Ellen Glasgow's novels (whose wit and penetration place them in the front rank of contemporary fiction), or some of Willa Cather's, or A. P. Herbert's THE WATER GYPSIES (Doubleday, Doran), or— But what's the use? The further I go the more involved I get, for any good book is good for recreational reading, and I feel as if I could go on almost at random naming novels by H. G. Wells, and Galsworthy, and Conrad, and Sigrid Undset's KRISTIN LAVRANSDATTER (Knopf), and George Cronyn's THE FOOL OF VENUS (Covici-Friede), and the just issued GONE WITH THE WIND (Macmillan), by Margaret Mitchell.

Of course for many a person there is no better recreational reading than travel. This is the true escape literature, for here, with the aid of imagination, one can be transported to realms of wonder, see a MAGIC ISLAND (Harcourt, Brace), with W. B. Seabrook, walk again the streets of the Eternal City through the ROMAN PICTURES (Scribners) of Percy Lubbock, wander among the people of Jugo-Slavia in Louis Adamic's THE NATIVE'S RETURN (Harpers), or know the fascination of the South American wilderness through William Beebe's JUNGLE PEACE (Holt). A copy of Baedeker can be the most delightful recreational reading in the world, arousing it as it does memories of lands and places seen in the past, or gilding the lily of anticipation by its descriptions of as yet unvisited scenes. Every man to his taste. Those who love adventure can get it from such works as Fleming's BRAZILIAN ADVENTURE (Scribners), or Negley Farson's THE WAY OF A TRANSGRESSOR (Harcourt, Brace), or Vincent Sheean's PERSONAL HISTORY (Doubleday, Doran). Those who want more gentle experience can turn to such a record as the just published A LONG RETROSPECT (Oxford University Press), by F. Anstey, or one of the many other reminiscences of Victorian days.

Finally, L. S. R. will have no trouble in selecting from recent biographical studies any number that will appeal to her club—such books as Edith Sitwell's just published life of Queen Victoria (Houghton Mifflin), as Stefan Zweig's MARIE ANTOINETTE (Viking), Elswyth Thanes's THE YOUNG DISRAELI (Harcourt, Brace), which is nearer biography than the fiction it ostensibly is, or, to turn to a different sort of memoir, Edith Wharton's A BACKWARD GLANCE (Appleton-Century), Margaret Winthrop Chanler's ROMAN SPRING (Little, Brown), or Anne Morrow Lindbergh's NORTH TO THE ORIENT (Harcourt, Brace).

But, as I said before, what's the use? Anything is recreational reading. I can imagine a worse fate than to be left with the Countess Morphy's RECIPES OF ALL NATIONS (Wise) or Fowler's HANDBOOK OF ENGLISH USAGE (Oxford University Press). In fact I can't think of any happier volume to which one could turn for recreational reading than the last-named work of scholarship.

Municipal Government

E. H. T. of North Tonawanda, N. Y., *wants a list of several books on municipal government, including one, if possible, on New York State specifically.*

AMERICAN CITY GOVERNMENT AND ADMINISTRATION (Crowell), by Austin F. Macdonald, covers all aspects of municipal government, but throws its emphasis specially on legal and administrative phases. In his GOVERNMENT OF AMERICAN CITIES (Macmillan), on the other hand, William Bennett Munro virtually ignores the administrative side, which, however, he treats at length in his MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT AND ADMINISTRATION (Macmillan). The most promising book for E. H. T.'s purposes that I find having bearing particularly on municipal government in New York State is WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH NEW YORK? (Macmillan). It is the city, of course, with which Norman M. Thomas, Socialist candidate for President, and Paul Blanshard are concerned, but E. H. T. will surely want to read in detail of the workings, and failure to work, of the government of this greatest of the state's cities.

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The New Books

Belles Lettres

ROBERT FROST: A CHRONOLOGICAL SURVEY. Compiled in Connection With an Exhibit of His Work at the Olin Memorial Library, Wesleyan University, April, 1936, and Published by the Library. 250 copies. Middletown, Connecticut. 1936. $2.

In 1894 a California-born New Englander of nineteen waited upon a Lawrence (Massachusetts) printer and ordered into type two copies of a pamphlet of verse called "Twilight." Now it is a dangerous thing to command only two copies of a production—the printer's curiosity, sometimes his cupidity, is stirred thereby, and misbegotten abundances of surreptitious issues have occasionally cropped up to plague author, bibliographer, bookseller, collector, and everyone concerned beyond the original sinner. There is no reason to believe, however, that the Lawrence printer failed to carry out his instructions to the speedily-attained limit. Even if he did fail, hoping thus to profit, he had a long wait for his pains, for no other book by the author of "Twilight" appeared until 1913, and the name of Robert Frost did not grace an auction catalogue until 1923.

In accordance with the best traditions of young authors, more particularly young poets, and most particularly young poets who pay for the publication of their first books, Robert Frost was soon trying to suppress "Twilight." Statistically the thing should have been easy. One of the two copies, however, was already in the hands of Miss Elinor Miriam White, who, becoming Mrs. Robert Frost a year later, declined to endow her husband with all her worldly goods and still owns the unique survivor. Ours is a world that permits few irretractable generalizations, but one at least is safe; only one collector will ever be able to own a complete set of Robert Frost in first edition.

Even should he contrive to clear this primary hurdle, there would still be difficulties ahead. "A Boy's Will" (London, 1913) appeared in four bindings, each of which, it should be added for the benefit of point-scoffers, has a more than casual significance. The first American edition (1915), yielding nothing to Albion, also exists in four variants. "North of Boston" (London, 1914) survives in five forms—six if one include the 150 sets of sheets which were sent to New York and issued with a tipped-in Holt title as the first of Robert Frost's books to be published in America.

Thereafter comes moderately plain sailing, as is made apparent in this admirable survey of Robert Frost's published work—a survey which comes closer to being a bibliography of Robert Frost than anything that has gone before. The compilation is the work of Lawrance R. Thompson, who renders obeisance to H. B. Collamore, Frederick B. Adams, Jr., and John S. Van Kohn for making available much of the material that has gone to form the Wesleyan exhibit. Wesleyan, by the way, is making an enviable name for itself as sponsor of eminently inspectable displays of the printed word. A notable Edwin Arlington Robinson exhibit preceded the Frost showing, and the highly original 1935 exhibit of the first appearances of some four hundred familiar quotations attracted wide attention. Both of the earlier occasions, like the present, produced competent and useful collector manuals.

Thanks to one of the parties to the enterprise, it is here possible to correct two minor errata in the survey. "Christmas Trees," from "Mountain Interval," did not appear in separate pamphlet form until 1928, and "A Little Anthology of Very Short Poems from the Magazines of 1921" was published in 1923, not 1921. The survey fails to note one amusing misreading of Mr. Frost's text for which this department is indebted to Frederic Melcher. The final stanza of "Canis Major," as first printed in "West-Running Brook," reads:

> I'm a poor underdog,
> But tonight I will bark
> With the great Overdog
> That roams through the dark.

Mr. Frost wrote "romps," not "roams," and the correction was duly made when the lines reappeared in the "Collected Poems" of 1930. The original error, it may be stated for the benefit of those who may become bibliographically agitated thereby, persists throughout all printings of "West-Running Brook."

J. T. W.

Biography

THE FOUR GEORGES. A revaluation of the period from 1714-1830. *By Sir Charles Petrie. Houghton Mifflin.* 1935. $3.75.

By borrowing the title of Thackeray's sketches for an essay on the same historical period, Sir Charles Petrie may have intended to challenge a comparison, but to press one would be unkind. The interest of this book must be in its "revaluation" of the eighteenth century from the highest of high Tory points of view. It may still be necessary to combat the faulty emphasis of the Whig historians though few would now deny that the oligarchy which ruled Britain in the eighteenth century was unrepresentative. That in filling their own pockets and widening their own acres the Whig lords depressed and degraded the country as a whole, is at least an arguable proposition, and that the mass of the commons were, because of their sense of this oppression, Jacobite in sympathy may also be true, although so far Sir Charles Petrie's arguments have not been entirely convincing. But to conclude from these assumptions that it was the presence of the Hanoverians at St. James which degraded the country from top to bottom, and that all that was necessary to preserve England in happiness and virtue was to restore the legitimate Stuarts and with them the ancient constitution is to oversimplify history. An interpretation which holds that the mistakes of a few leaders turned forever awry the course of events always invites suspicion. One notes that while the forcible suppression of Jacobite uprisings and sentiments under the first two Georges arouses Sir Charles Petrie's deepest horror, he is full of excuses for the brutal repression of discontent from 1790 to 1830, and wonders whether the condition of the lower classes would indeed have been better under legitimatist government.

If this essay suffers from its pedestrian style and its partisan violence, it suffers most from the vagueness with which it envisages its public. Readers who are familiar enough with writing about the eighteenth century to follow the course of the argument, are only too familiar with the anecdotes dragged in to enliven it; those to whom the anecdotes are new will probably be at loss to know what the book is about.

G. M.

Fiction

MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS. By Mason Woolford. Crowell. 1936. $2.

Morningside, it may be explained for the benefit of outlanders, is that region of Manhattan which centers about Columbia University—an area inhabited by curious tribes with a peculiar local culture. Mr. Woolford has studied that culture as painstakingly as other anthropologists have studied the Balinese or the Trobrianders, and the searching

(*Continued on next page*)

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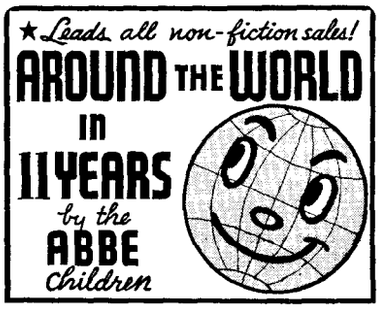

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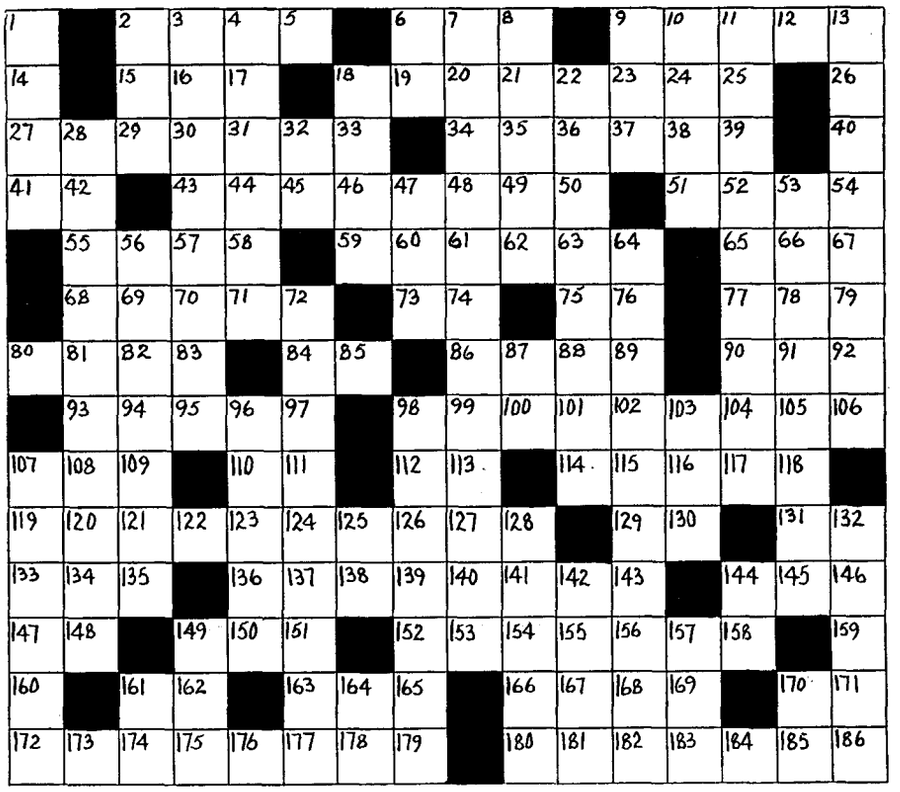
Double-Crostics: No. 124

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-three words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 15 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. Home of the Reformation.

II. Being at a distance.

III. Wife of Vishnu (Hindu).

IV. Memorial poem.

V. Barbarians (479 A.D.).

VI. Beginner.

VII. Fully executed.

VIII. Dutch painter (1590-1656).

IX. A biological theory.

X. Pert girl.

XI. Cost of running business.

XII. Comedy by Molière.

XIII. Buffoon.

XIV. N. Y. Democratic faction (1835).

XV. Learnedly.

XVI. Public records.

XVII. Pulsated.

XVIII. Anything.

XIX. Cuts off.

XX. Play by Ibsen.

XXI. Science of language.

XXII. An issue of books.

XXIII. Jauntily.

WORDS

2 134 73 112 165 96 129 76 92 179

30 166 171 80 9 71 25 59 103

122 53 168 109 16 86 184

131 52 81 160 116 125 64 58

117 148 163 135 85 186 78 67 69 111

6 174 141 119 89 149 54 133

139 99 115 175 46 36 182 106

132 74 65 15 56 66 118 50 161

82 154 104 144 87 14 121 27 178

173 45 155 68

10 146 107 29 127 94 110 153

159 167 84 35 79 51 40 138 7 105 17

126 151 176 28 164 95 24 169 4 63 91

5 150 88 162 90 113 44 61

57 11 142 83 70 39 147 47 128

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183 1 172 37 62 41 124 31 100 20 143

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

eye of an aborigine who has attended mission school could discern only a single flaw in his report—when the Carters wearily but dutifully prepare to entertain Cousin Luke from Binghamton and his family at their own expense, if not in their own overcrowded apartment at least as near it as possible. A Morningside family that would go to all that trouble for out-of-town relatives could be booked in vaudeville.

Unfortunately the book is better anthropology than fiction. The story of the Carters and their roomer is veracious enough, though true stories seldom end with everybody getting into the right bed; but you can see the outcome long before you get there, and the faithful report of their troubles can be read for pleasure only by those who have no similar troubles of their own. Their dialogue, also, is such as might be heard in any sixty-dollar apartment inhabited by native whites of native parentage; which you would seldom lean out of an air-shaft window to hear. Mr. Woolford has an eye and an ear; let us hope that in his next novel he can put more of a polish on the data he collects so ably.

E. D.

VENUS OVER LANNERY. By Martin Armstrong. Harcourt, Brace. 1936. $2.

This starts out as a light novel, but soon begins to take itself seriously, and eventually gets in over its depth. The story presents a contrast between two generations, in the setting of London and English country house parties; and the situations mostly involve mismanaged love affairs. While there is still some amusement to be got out of this milieu, it is a little late in the day to take it seriously. The first half of Mr. Armstrong's book is mildly entertaining, and occasionally perceptive; the second half, in which the mismated characters go about getting divorces and shooting at one another, is thin. What the author is trying to say is that maturity and generosity are indispensable to a happy marriage. But his attempt to bring this out through his characters is melodramatic where it is not merely superficial.

G. S.

HIS END WAS HIS BEGINNING. By Henrietta Buckmaster. Henkle-Yewdale House. 1936. $2.50.

Miss Buckmaster's novel contains one passage of sustained vividness and power—a passage likely to be remembered by her readers long after the characters and their affairs have lost outline. It is a descriptive passage essentially (though not ostensibly), and its subject is Vienna in the immediate wake of the World War. The account of that city of apathy, of disillusion, revisited after four years by a stunned observer who is still thinking of it in the terms and images of 1914, distinguishes a novel otherwise hardly distinguishable.

This interlude is incomparably finer than any use made of it. For "His End Was His Beginning" is one more story of the rake redeemed by a pure and perma-

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nent love, and it is put together according to an increasingly familiar pattern. Like most recent stories on its theme, it is about a weakling with some charm, some wit, and the self-pitying, self-dramatizing temperament of that eternal adolescent of literature, the minor artist. We are made to believe in the hero's existence, but scarcely in his redemption. He is presented with gusto and exhaustiveness in his early phase of starvation on sensual husks, but his later revolt against malnutrition seems trumped-up, feeble, and none too genuine. As in many a novel which begins not far from pornography and ends in preachment, the preachment drifts out the window while the smell of pornography lingers like cigar smoke in the draperies.

W. F.

MIRACLE IN THE DRAWING ROOM. By Edwin Greenwood. Doubleday, Doran. 1936. $2.

Mr. Greenwood's tale of an authentic miracle and its effect on the modern public unfortunately recalls a much better book on the same theme—Bruce Marshall's "Father Malachy's Miracle," published a few years ago. The approach in that case was Benedictine, in this Franciscan; but Greenwood and Marshall agree in their contempt for almost everything modern, in their inability to be fair to those who disagree with them—and, with what seems a disloyalty to historic even if not to contemporary Christianity, in an apparent conviction that miracles have outlived their usefulness. But Marshall's book was adorned with studies of a variety of clerical characters, mostly acid but all understanding, that gave it a value quite aside from its theme and its story; Greenwood offers only one recognizable human being—a promiscuous girl who "goes straight," psychically as well as ethically—amid a host of overdrawn caricatures.

E. D.

Travel

TONGUES OF THE MONTE. By J. Frank Dobie. Doubleday, Doran. $3.

Europe may extend to the Alleghenies, but it has never extended to Mexico, a country more ancient, mysterious, and timeless than anything Europe has to show. Mr. Dobie's "Tongues of the Monte," mainly a collection of tales and legends gathered during months spent in the northern states of Mexico, better than most books about that country, gives the "feel" of the Mexican folk mind. We have called it a collection of tales. The stories, however, are set in the framework of the author's experience while collecting them, and both the autobiographical and the folk-lore portions of the book are delicately fused together in a fashion so adroit as to create a volume which is "simpatico" and not merely sympathetic. Most American writers have described Mexico because they wanted to improve the United States. Mr. Dobies does not want to improve anything. His book is therefore transparent as glass is transparent, and not a reflection as a mirror is a reflection. You look through the style and not at it.

H. M. J.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

THE most amusing hot-weather episode was the squabble (reported in the *Herald Tribune*) between a lady in Brooklyn and a motorist who called her a "punk." ☞She was annoyed and had him arrested; in the magistrate's court no one could agree as to what the word really meant. ☞"A forgotten word which seems to have been revived by Mayor LaGuardia," said the magistrate. "He goes around using it indiscriminately." ☞This admirably wise and good-humored magistrate, who of course knew the old word perfectly, urged that it be condoned "as an interlude in a dull, gray, uninteresting summer day." ☞And then, we surmise, Magistrate Rudich went home and reread *Measure for Measure,* Act I, Scene 5, where the word is so amusingly defined.

☞Norman Rockwell has been in Hannibal, Mo., getting local color for his illustrated edition of *Tom Sawyer* (Heritage Press). ☞What we specially hanker for, as we have said before, is an actual photo of the Island where, Huck and Tom used to camp out. ☞Edwin Edgett, literary editor of the Boston *Transcript,* reports the exciting news that the famous old hand-over-hand wire-rope elevator in the *Transcript* building has been replaced by a modern electric. ☞We lament the passing of that ancient lift: it gave a verisimilitude of the tough upward climb of the literary career. ☞We learn from *Variety* that Ralph Allen, formerly in charge of the rare book department at Macy's, has followed Frances Steloff's trail to California—viz. gone to Hollywood to try to sell some first editions to moving picture stars. ☞He has hitched his wagon to a Steloff, we might have said, but the trip is sponsored by Dutton's. ☞*Variety* says:

> Since picture stars have learned to talk, some of them might read. Allen has taken with him Shakspeare folios, a first edition of Webster's Dictionary, a first *Pickwick Papers,* first of Pepys' Diary, and other firsts by Scott, Hardy, Kipling and Dickens.
>
> Increased collecting activity indicated by the fact that Robert Montgomery recently bought the original ms. of *Zuleika Dobson,* and it is believed by Dutton's that other stars are now becoming bibliophiles.

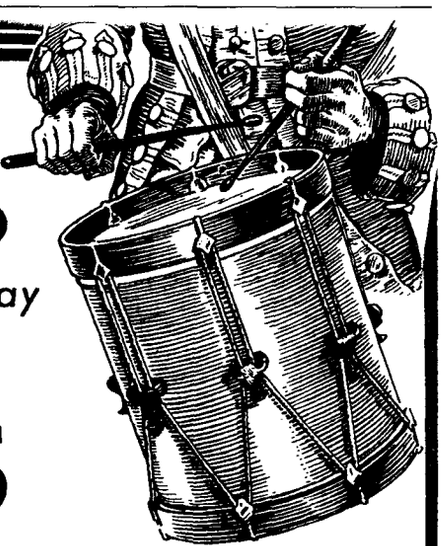
☞As a matter of fact, a great many moving picture actors and directors have long been known as enthusiastic and astute bibliophiles.

☞From Dr. George Douglas Gray, the far-travelled surgeon of the Anchor liner *Transylvania,* Old Quercus learned of Passion Fruit Juice, the most exquisite elixir he has ever tasted. ☞The Malayan passion fruit, which will not survive refrigeration, is almost unknown in these parts, but it is now available in bottles (from R. G. Booth, Bush House, London) and very likely from Fortnum and Mason. ☞Old Q. fell from his water-wagon to taste a Passion Fruit Cocktail, and predicts a great future for it. ☞When it becomes fashionable, as it will, remember that *Trade Winds* exists for the purpose of saying so first. ☞Dr. Gray is the author of *All About the Soya Bean,* a valuable economic study just published in London by John Bale, 83 Great Titchfield St., W1. Unlike Pythagoras, Dr. Gray is an enthusiastic believer in the Soya's future.

☞Good news: a new Dr. Thorndyke detective story—*The Penrose Mystery,* by R. Austin Freeman (Dodd, Mead). This should be a sure bet for any ensuing vacancy. ☞The Sandglass, news sheet of the Heritage Press, is agreeably frolicsome and confidential. It speaks cheerfully of a forthcoming edition of Mother Goose edited by our colleague Mr. Benét. *A,* cries the Sandglass, is not this year the Scarlet Letter but concerns a book of innocence:—

> "A *is for Artwork, colorful, gay.*
> B *is the editor, William Benét.*
> C *is Collection of rhymes—Complete.*
> D *is Duvoisin, painter élite.*"

☞The Heritage Press adds "Our new salesman, who will give us direct representation in the cities heretofore seen only by commission men, is Harry Castor, formerly manager of the Doubleday Shops in Philadelphia. Very few towns east of the Rockies will be missed by Henry, with his satchel of thirteen books."



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